

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

Reading the adverse dramatic criticisms of last week in SATURDAY NIGHT, I was impressed with the idea that the itinerant showman has rather an unhappy life. First of all he flits from town to town, homeless and worried, where chance may give him a good audience or a bad one, but the facts are always the same, that he cannot live as ordinary people live nor participate in the little home enjoyments which are the sweetest fragments of life. On a Sunday evening he drifts in from afar and takes his chances of a welcome at his hotel, of a comfortable bed, of a quiet night, and of rising in the morning feeling as if he had rested. The women of the company are separated from those delicate and important features which make home-life so desirable. Contact is not with the people that they would always select, and many things are entirely opposed to their

get; the laundryman wants his money in advance; and the world, that larger and more cruel world that attends the theater, looks upon them as outcasts and takes pains to ostracize them no matter where they may appear. It would be hard enough if the critics in the theaters and in the newspaper offices alone tortured these wanderers, but those who neither read the dramatic criticisms nor see the performance, also insist on making the world an unhappy dwelling-place for the strolling actor.

There must be some great fascination in the art of entertaining people, which compensates for the inconveniences entailed by the habitual attitude of the public and the uncertainty of a life which is first of all homeless, and most of all suspected. It is a great thing to please an audience, and unto few is given the talent of enlisting the sympathies of those who listen. Some people who have made most elaborate

it, but we may be sure that the central figure is giving out the energy which is electrifying those who listen. Very seldom indeed does anybody enquire how this man or woman feels after this energy has been given out, or how long life can last if popularity depends upon the animal magnetism of the one who is esteemed popular. It is quite true that after a while the tricks of the trade supply many of the energies which are wasted by amateurs; nevertheless, the battery becomes weakened and the drain is much more felt; all sorts of things are used, as everybody knows, by those who cannot sustain the strain. With the candle burning at both ends, the story of the man and woman who colloquially may be fairly well grouped as itinerant show people, is a sad one. Full as their life is of strange contacts and of temptations coupled with opportunities, scandals, jealousies and tragedies come and go, attracting much less attention than such

most attractive to the public are as clean and beautiful as we could imagine. Probably the same strength which enchants the audiences preserves them from the improprieties usually associated with the name of an actor. While it cannot be denied that the whole greenroom world is unconventional and that the place is undesirable, yet like every other world the percentage of good people is about the same, and the percentage of bad people have at least the excuse of homelessness, temptation and utter weariness with the world to offer when they go astray. The other world—the world of which we boast so much; the social world; the church world; the world in which all good things are made to play so important a part—as a matter of fact produces very little better results, while the path is so much smoother and the dragons at the pass between goodness and badness are so much fiercer. We ought to remember all these things, and when our play-

few words of mention. It was drawn from life by Mr. Arthur H. H. Heming of Hamilton, and represents the Canadian militia and the United States regulars spending a jolly evening at Camp Niagara, on the occasion of one of our militia drills, which are held annually at that point on the boundary line. The very best of good-will prevails among the soldier boys, and the artist depicts a scene that will be quite familiar to those who have gone into camp at Niagara. It is only a very short distance from the camp grounds—only a very short step from the point where the soldiers of the two countries fraternize every autumn—to the place where, some eighty years ago, Sir Isaac Brock fell, and the Canadians drove the United States regulars over the rocks at Queenston into the Niagara gorge. This picture should accompany our large colored picture, The Battle of Queenston Heights, showing, as it does, how good-fellowship has, at the end of the century, succeeded



FRATERNAL GREETINGS.

United States Regulars and Canadian Militia at Camp Niagara.

Drawn from life by Arthur H. H. Heming.

impulses. Week after week they migrate from place to place, from theater to theater and from hotel to hotel. The sorrows which come to us all come to them, and yet they must smile, and play, and make the audience feel that they are getting the worth of their money, or else they are "slated" by the newspapers.

What a weary life! Custom, of course, becomes second nature and they can endure it after long habit much better than the majority of people could stand it. Living in bed-rooms and having one's clothes packed in trunks; dressing and undressing in evil-smelling rooms in a theater; parading before audiences which may or may not be able to appreciate what is being presented; being the guest of those who have no personal interest in the welfare of the transient person; jolting over railroads which are entirely unsympathetic and which do not always run their trains on time, and unhappily being the victim of every evil thought, must make the life of the dramatic tourist very much less enjoyable than the life of those who live at home.

Baggage goes astray; business is bad; the manager fails to pay salaries, or still worse, he is brutal in his abuse of those who cannot fill his expectations; the hotelkeeper eyes the troupe cynically, with an idea that they will not pay for what they

preparation are unable to speak when they meet an audience; others are quite fluent and artistic, yet they bore the people until the performance becomes a persecution. Others quite unable to do the clever things of their companions who have been hissed, are welcomed and everybody is in sympathy with them. It is true of more performers than those that are in the theater, that sincerity and ability cut a small figure when opposed to them are the animal magnetism and the enchantment of something which seems to run through our blood rather than through our brain. The man or woman who possesses the enchanting attribute of being pleasing, is of course congratulated as being able to make a living very easily. If I am not mistaken, these supposedly fortunate ones are those who suffer most from the constant and changing contact with unsympathetic people. They give much out of their good selves; they part with the essence of their being; they diffuse something greater than strength, something that no food can supply, no rest that they can enjoy will restore, for it is the essence of their life. If they be acrobats, or singers, or players, or musicians, they part with that which is life itself. Like a flash of lightning it seizes upon the audience and permeates the whole place, and instantly the actor, or the musician, or the speaker becomes immensely popular. Nobody ever asks what this force is or who generates

things would in private life, for with the uncharity of our training it is only what we expect of those who are upon the "road."

The theater child—for even those we pay to see act are human enough to marry and to be given in marriage, and to have children about them—is a pathetic development of homelessness. The waif on the street, the ragged newsboy, even the beggar excites sympathy; but the theater youngster, gaily dressed and apparently well housed, is criticized as severely as its parents. The little piping voice is not more objectionable than the self-possession or forwardness of the youngster on the stage or in the hotel where it lodges. It sees life as the chambermaid and the waitress see it; it has the experience of the actor and the actress; it has the homelessness of a homeless profession; it has an emotionalism which should not belong to a child and the affectations and performances of those who put on a part for pay. The theater child is perhaps better loved by its parents than the average youngster, yet everyone feels like asking God to forgive its father and mother for having brought such a youngster into such temptation.

While it is true that many theatrical people are vulgar and noisy and unfit to be associated with in private, or even to be seen perform in public, yet the lives of those who are

acting friends come and go it is well to content ourselves with criticizing their art, and not waylay them with a social snub.

People who cannot act should quit the stage, and there are a great many of them on the stage who ought to be running a laundry or a barber shop; but those who can act and drift in with us and are not quite up to our notion of what should be done, should be remembered as having once done something better, if they ever did better things, and should be looked forward to as able to accomplish better things when they come again, and, in fact, they should be considered with that same charity which covereth a multitude of sins and certainly ennobles all those who feel it.

Those who are most difficult to please are those who pay least money for seeing theatrical performances, and yet those who see fewest of the exhibitions of histrionic ability are those who must be played to. These are a few facts which I am quite convinced should be remembered when we go to the theater. I can cry with a very, very unimportant actor and laugh with a very cheap comedian, and I bless them both, because both the tears that come seldom and the laugh which is hard to have, make life a little easier.

The large picture upon this page deserves a

the fratricidal strife with which the century opened in North America.

Hon. G. W. Ross, at the University banquet the other evening, stated that at the next session of the Ontario Legislature the Government would announce a mining policy that would greatly please the people of this province. A policy that will, when announced, please the masses of people in Old Ontario is not quite what is needed, for there has been much bitterness of feeling against the Mowat Government for years among those who live in the Rat Portage, Sudbury and other districts of New Ontario, and are actually engaged in developing those new regions. The average citizen of Toronto or the average farmer of Ontario knows nothing about mining, and is more likely to applaud the slow and cautious policy which would fine a man for being enterprising and successful in mining, rather than welcome a policy of wide-open encouragement such as this country needs in order to work up a winning speed. We have been told too often that mineral wealth in the lands belonging to the province is wealth that belongs to the people, but this old falsehood is a clumsy one, for gold is not wealth at all until it is convertible into use; and gold embedded in stone a hundred feet below the surface, in the center of an unpeopled wilderness, might as well be, for

Continued on Page Four.

"THE BATTLE OF QUEENSTON HEIGHTS"—PICTORIAL SUPPLEMENT, 25 x 33 INCHES IN SIZE

Winter in Historic Lands

✿ A Trip to the Mediterranean. ✿

WITH the approach of the cold season the plans which have been turned over in one's mind during the past months are evolved into the selection of a tour to a warmer clime to shorten our rigorous winter.

Every year more people are learning of the advantages of the Mediterranean resorts, and those contiguous to it, and plan months in advance to visit its shores, which are, from the earliest ages, historic.

Gibraltar is the key to the western end of the vast inland sea and to Spain. So harmless in appearance, it is undermined and tunneled for miles, making it, under the control of Great Britain, the strongest fortified fortress in the world.

It is usual to cross to Tangiers, twelve miles south, which is to-day as primitive as it was centuries ago. This visit to the Moors prepares one to enjoy the buildings, etc., erected by them during their occupation of Spain.

Spain, held by the Romans for many centuries, was conquered in the fifth century by the Visigoths, and held

by them three hundred years, when it was taken by the Arabs, under Tarik, after whom the rock is called (Gibal Tarik, the Rock of Tarik). Cordova was the center of Moorish authority in Spain until 1235, when Ferdinand drove them to Granada, held until 1492, when it was surrendered. The Moors were driven to Africa, since which time Spain has been a Christian kingdom. Crossing the bay from Gibraltar to Algeiras the Spanish Customs authorities are encountered. A short run brings us to Granada, famous for its Alhambra, the finest bit of Moorish architecture remaining.

Its halls, courts, galleries and towers are all historically connected with the many events of the different rulers. Seville, on the Guadalquivir River, and Cordova, contain many interesting churches, libraries and gardens, but it is to Madrid that the traveler's thoughts are constantly wandering.

The magnificent picture gallery, without doubt the finest in the world, is a royal institution. In it are sixty-four Velasquez, fifty-eight Ribera, forty-six Murillo, sixty-two Rubens, ten Raphael, forty-three Titians, thirty-four Tintoretto, twenty-five Veronese, fifty-three Teniers, and twenty-two Van Dycks, besides others of equally well known artists. Each painting is a beautiful gem, was originally painted for the monarchs or titled personages, and is priceless. Here is the center of bull fighting, Sundays, from April to October, being devoted to this national pastime. The Amphitheater has a seating capacity of fourteen thousand, and is usually filled.

Three hours from Madrid is Toledo, containing a magnificent cathedral erected by the Goths, worthy of a visit.

From Madrid the tourist may journey north to the frontier, and through the Riviera, or return to Gibraltar to continue by steamer. Along the south shore and east, we come to Algiers, which in the last few years has attracted many pleasure-seekers and invalids. On the north shore is the Riviera, the coast from Marseilles to Genoa being dotted with fashionable watering-places, contributing to the visitor the excitement of Monte Carlo, or the rest and contentment of Nice and Cannes.

Italy is visited to learn of its once greatness. Genoa, from the beauty of its situation and

the reminiscences of its ancient magnificence, is entitled to the epithet, "La Superba." Pisa, Florence and Venice, with their art galleries, churches and interesting environments, are not to be missed. Rome, the "City of the Popes,"

founded by Romulus, who, tradition says, with his brother Remus, was suckled by a wolf, requires days to thoroughly visit.

Early in the Christian centuries it was the capital of the Empire, then consisting of nearly all the countries bordering on the Mediterranean, but in its glory became debauched and it fell by its own intriguing.

Naples, to the south, is near Vesuvius, aroused from its sleep quite often in recent years, but none of its belchings so disastrous as that under which Pompeii was buried in the first century.

Brindisi, at the heel, is where the mails and passengers join the steamer en route for Egypt, Australia and the far East.

Egypt, the cradle of the sciences, is reached in three days. Alexandria, its chief port, contains two hundred thousand inhabitants. Its history is interesting. Cyrus, during his reign B.C. 500-524, founded the great Persian Monarchy, the most powerful the world has ever seen

under one sceptre. His armies were everywhere successful, kingdoms falling one by one, until Egypt was threatened. His death for a time stopped the Persian successes. Under his son Cambyses, four years after, they attacked and conquered Lower Egypt.

The routed soldiers were followed to Memphis, which surrendered after a short siege. Egypt was now made a satrapy of Persia, and in the next two hundred years regained its independence but to lose it and be reduced again to a province a few years later. Under Alexander the

Greeks defeated the Persians, B.C. 331, and then turned toward Egypt, where he was received with little opposition. His desire then was to found a Greek colony as the best means of keeping Egypt in subjection, and returning from Memphis saw the best spot to be at Rhacotis, a small village where Alexandria now stands. The mouths of the Nile were too shallow, and would require help from man before the ships which were then building could enter. Deeper water was found between Rhacotis and the island of Pharos, and orders were given to improve the harbor and lay the foundations of the new city, the undertaking of which proved his wisdom. Under the succeeding rulers temples and museums were built, but the one to which the city owes its fairest name is the College of Philosophy. Its library, the largest in the world, was open to all, making science in all its branches the common property of those who valued them. It was partly destroyed by Napoleon, since which time many volumes have been placed in other museums and libraries. The principal city of Egypt, and the approaching winter resort of the East, is Cairo. Romantic and novel in its contrast of the civilized and barbarous, Cairo may be compared to a living museum of all imaginable and unimaginable phases of existence, of refinement and degeneracy, of knowledge and ignorance, of Paganism, Christianity and Mohammedanism.

The bazaars of Cairo present to the traveler so many novel features, and so many interesting traits of Oriental character, that he should endeavor to pay them repeated visits in order to become acquainted with their peculiarities. The handsome shops, the principal cafes, palaces and theaters are on the Ezbekiyeh, a beautiful square of large proportions, with fine pleasure grounds in the center. Cairo contains a large number of mosques in all stages of preservation; the most important are the Gami Sultan Hassan, or "Superb Mosque," the finest existing monument of Arabian architecture, and the Gami Mohammed Ali, or "Alabaster Mosque," whose lofty and graceful minarets are so conspicuous from a distance as to form one of the landmarks of Cairo. Many of the mosques contain the tombs of the Khalifs and Sultans who founded them. The Gami el Azhar has been converted into a university, which is now the most important in Mahometan territory. The tombs of the Khalifs, and the tombs of Mamelukes, although falling to ruins,

are exceedingly interesting. A visit to the Citadel should not be omitted. It affords a beautiful view of the city and its surroundings. The broad Shubra avenue towards the north is

lined with beautiful sycamore trees, and is the "Rotten Row" of Cairo. The suburb of Bulak contains in its museum of Egyptian antiquities a magnificent collection, and entirely unrivaled of its kind. Modern hotels permit the tourist to be as well accommodated as at home. Trips may be made to the pyramids and all the adjacent places of interest, and tourist steamers on the Nile will carry one to the first and second cataracts in Upper Egypt.

A day's run and we are in Palestine, which like Egypt would require volumes to tell of its never-to-be-forgotten associations of olden times. A visit to Jerusalem is a visit to the center spot of the world.

Constantinople, the center of Mohammedanism, is celebrated for its many mosques, which number about four hundred, the most important being the Mosque of St. Sophia.

The first stone was laid by Justinian in 502, ten thousand workmen were employed upon it, costing \$5,000,000. To enrich it the temples of surrounding cities were plundered.

At Athens, the seat of Greece, the Olympian games were inaugurated, but in later centuries were discontinued, to be revived in the last year. That which attracts the visitor most is its ancient works, the Acropolis and the Parthenon, the latter the most perfect monument of the time.

Nowhere, nor with so much ease, can a foreign winter trip be made as this to the Mediterranean. Until 1891 it was reached from America by small steamers only, but since then has been rendered easy of access by the ships of the North German Lloyd and Hamburg American Companies, whose joint agent, Barlow Cumberland, 72 Yonge street, Toronto, will amply supply all particulars of the different services. The direct service is maintained each month through the year, while during the winter season extra steamers are placed on the route, giving an almost weekly sailing to Gibraltar, Naples and Genoa. In January and February five of their ships sail from New York to Alexandria, calling at intermediate ports, this being exceptionally favorable to those wishing to continue to Egypt and Palestine. In February a grand tour of the Mediterranean is made, calling at all principal ports, the passengers using the ship as a hotel and disembarking only for sightseeing, from the departure at New York until the return. One of these trips, with its visits to so many interesting ports, is nothing short of an education and will furnish a fund of reminiscence which will last a lifetime.

Pitied Him.
Truth.

Mrs. Witherby—Last night the man next door made an awful mistake. He got into our house instead of his own, and I thought at first it was you.

Witherby—Yes, I met him on the street this morning and he said he never was so sorry for any man in his life.

A Different Kind of Thirst.
Doctor—You must give up drinking brandy; it's injurious. Drink milk; it contains all the elements of the blood.

Patient—But I'm not blood thirsty.

"That fellow has broken three girls' hearts." "They must have been cracked."

Muggins—Is your son in business? Juggins—He's a contractor. Muggins—What line? Juggins—Debts.

Benham—I wish I were single. Mrs. Benham—You horrid thing! What would you do? "Get married to you over again." "You dear man!"

He—We seem to have got here rather too soon; the house is quite empty. She—All the better; everyone will be able to get a good view of me as they come in.—Pick-Me-Up.

There was a young lady of Crews, Who wanted to catch the 22; Said the porter: "Don't hurry, Or scurry, or flurry." It's a minute or 22 22 21.

"Oh, would you mind doing me a favor?" "With pleasure. What is it?" "Kindly remove that costly mantle out of your window."

"Why, pray?" "I shall be passing your shop with my wife in half an hour."

She—It's no use, Mr. Slimly; in my present state of mind I would not accept the most attractive man in the world. He—No, I see you won't; but, at any rate, you will have the satisfaction of knowing that he has offered himself.

The excuses made in company by persons asked to sing—"Got a bad cold," "Quite hoarse," "Never sing now," etc., etc.—seen to be as old as the vocal art itself. Horace remarked indignantly on them eighteen hundred years ago.

Master—Where's the North Pole? Tommy—I don't know, sir. Master—What! You don't know where the North Pole is! Aren't you ashamed of your ignorance? Tommy—Well, sir, please, sir, Sir John Franklin, Nansen, and all the rest of 'em couldn't find it.

Sick Miner (to curate, who has been holding forth on future joys)—An' are you going there too? Curate—I hope so, my friend. Miner—And are you going to 'ave wings? Curate—Indeed, I trust so. Miner—Well, look here, when I come up I'll fly you for a sovereign.—Pick-Me-Up.

"Old up your 'ands!" commanded one of the two footpads, pointing a cocked revolver at the head of the belated citizen. "You've got the drop on me," grumbled the citizen, emptying reluctantly, "or I'm darned if I'd let an English syndicate rob me without making some resistance."—Chicago Tribune.

"And is Jennie thorough in her work?" asked Mrs. Jarley of Mrs. Perkins, having reference to a would-be waitress. "Very," said Mrs. Perkins. "When she broke one of my royal Worcester soup plates, she really didn't appear satisfied until she had broken the other eleven. Oh, yes, Jennie is thorough!"

Going up Vesuvius.

Pompeii.

In Egypt.

The Thestion, Athens.

In the Alhambra.

Street in Algiers.

Nice.

On the Grand Canal, Venice.

Jerusalem.

Dancing Dervishes.

The Thestion, Athens.

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The Thestion, Athens.

In the Alhambra.

Street in Algiers.

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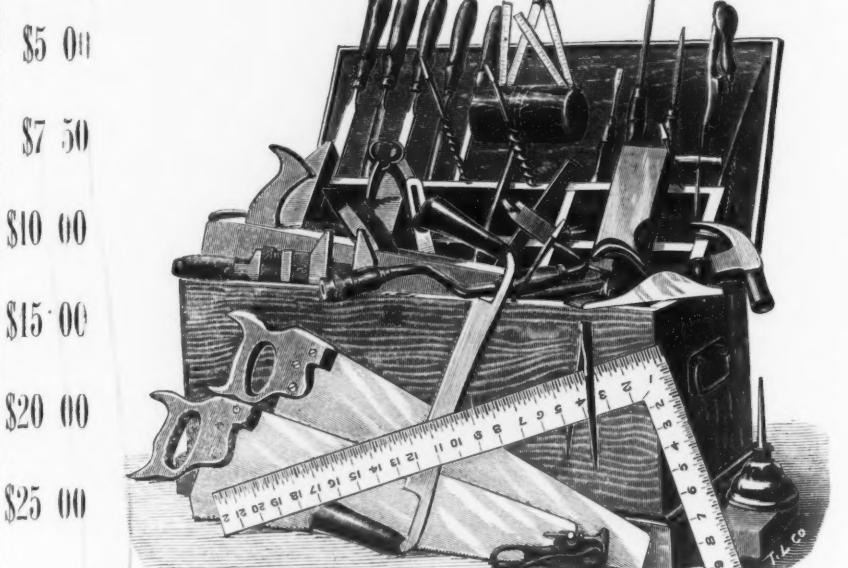
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BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY BOOKS

People are perplexed by the great variety of books and novelties displayed to the public at the Christmas season in all the windows of the stores that handle holiday goods. One scarcely knows what to select, where such variety is offered, and so, to assist those who intend in the next few days to patronize the book stores, I have gone the rounds and made notes of what is new and suitable, and where these things may be had. Those books and novelties which are on sale in all the leading book-stores are passed over, but the specialties are mentioned. Another purpose which this article is intended to serve is to enable readers at a distance to find out just where they can get what they want and just what it will cost, so that they can send an order with the necessary remittance and have the order filled without delay. Books for boys, books for girls, books for ladies and for men are listed below, with prices and the addresses of the dealers handling them.

The Harold A. Wilson Co., 35 King street west, Toronto, is a great storehouse of toys and novelties, and in the way of books has some things capital suited for Christmas. Not to enumerate a long list, but to point out such purchases as cannot be had elsewhere in the city, I might mention the art volumes—reproductions of drawings made by leading American workers in black and white. Pictures of People, by Charles Dana Gibson; In Vanity Fair, by A. B. Wenzell, and Coons, by Kemble, are three capital volumes, any one of which would make a charming present to either a lady or gentleman of artistic tastes. These volumes are eagerly bought by people in New York and Boston. For those who are interested in art posters, there is a Poster Calendar, each month having a separate design in rich colors. There is also a volume, Posters in Miniature, that is very pretty. Those interested in the horse and in horsemanship may find at Wilson's a volume printed in great elegance and with over four hundred illustrations, entitled Driving for Pleasure, by Francis Underhill. This beautiful book sells for \$5 and is a treasure. Just to mention one other book, I may say that Rudyard Kipling's new volume of poetry, The Seven Seas, is on sale at Harold A. Wilson's, and a great many copies have already been sold to Toronto people. In this book are such powerful pieces as McAndrew's Hymn, and The Native Born, which many of our readers must have read. This book costs \$1.50 and, being so new and good, would be an acceptable present anywhere. In introducing some new army ballads towards the back of the book, Mr. Kipling gives a short introduction, which I cannot refrain from quoting here:

When 'Omer smote 'is bloomin' lyre,
He'd 'eard men sing by land an' sea;
An' what he thought 'e might require,
'E went an' took—the same as me!

The market-girls an' fishermen,
The shepherds an' the sailors, too,
They 'eard old songs turn up again,
But kep' it quiet—same as you!

They knew 'e stole; 'e knew they knowed,
They didn't tell, nor make a fuss,
But winked at 'Omer down the road,
An' 'e winked back—the same as us!

Among the most attractive volumes for the holiday trade—aside from the religious literature of every kind for which the house is justly noted—I found at Fleming H. Revell's, corner Yonge and Temperance streets, may be mentioned these books for boys or girls:

	Price.
Teddy's Button.....	\$.50
Adolph, by Fannie J. Taylor.....	.50
Nineteen Beautiful Years (Girl Life) by Frances E. Willard.....	.75
Confidential Talks with Young Women, by Lyman B. Sperry.....	.75
Probable Sons.....	.50
The Making of a Hero (for Boys).....	.50
All the works of G. A. Henty, Gordon Stables and others, per vol.....	1.25

FOR ADULT READERS.

Robert Urquhart, by Gabriel Setoun; paper, 50c, cloth.....	\$1.00
Tyne Folk, by Joseph Parker.....	.75
A Man's Value to Society, by Newell Dwight Hillis, D.D.....	1.25
In the Tiger Jungle (stories of missionary work), by Rev. J. Chamberlain, M.D., D.D.....	1.00

One cannot have an adequate idea of the charming things that are in stock at Fleming H. Revell's without making a personal inspection, but in ordering by mail any volume mentioned by me a mistake cannot be made. The book will be a surprise in the beauty of its binding and the merit of its contents, in view of the price charged. The calendars, religious and artistic, are almost innumerable in design. As a sample let me mention one little calendar, called "Watchwords," done up in a neat paste-board box, each month having a lovely design and a text of Scripture, and this neat little gift sells for twenty cents. The calendars range in price from five cents to one dollar. There are also all kinds of picture books for children. Of Gabriel Setoun's book, Robert Urquhart, it may be said that many prefer it to Ian MacLaren's books. It treats of the same simple Scottish life and character. I am half through with the reading of it, and I consider it a splendid book. It is stronger in construction than the Bonnie Brier Bush—that is, it has a plot, there is sequence in the story, and this always adds to the merits of a book. That it is greater than MacLaren's masterpiece I will not, however, admit, for the people of Kinkielvie are not made so dear to us as those of Drumschoy. But Gabriel Setoun has given the world a great and good book, and a story that is irresistibly fascinating.

Dr. Gordon Stables' books for boys are not read in Canada as generally as in England. He is a great story-teller, and I should like to know that many of his healthy and stirring stories were given to boys this year and works of less merit shouldered aside.

Wm. Tyrrell & Co., 12 King street west, have a book store of metropolitan dimensions and scope. Although calendars, stationery, all sorts of fancy pens and other novelties are carried, yet books overshadow all else. Among

the volumes to which I should like to call the attention of the holiday book-hunter are:

The Golden Age, by Kenneth Grahame.....	\$1.25
Cape Cod, by Thoreau. Holiday edition, 2 vols.....	5.00
A Year in the Fields. John Burroughs.....	1.50
The Story of Aaron, so-named, The Son of Ben Ali. By Joel Chandler Harris.....	2.00
Chapters From a Life. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.....	1.50
Life of Dr. Holmes, by John T. Morse, Jr. 2 vols.....	4.00
Authors and Friends, by Mrs. Jas. T. Fields.....	1.50
Marm Lisa, by Kate Douglas Wiggin.....	1.00
Grimm's Life of Michael Angelo. New holiday edition.....	6.00
Friar Jerome's Beautiful Book, by Thomas Bailey Aldrich.....	1.50
Whitman, a study, by John Burroughs.....	1.25
Wonder Book for Boys and Girls, by Hawthorne. An elegant new edition.....	3.00
A Lover's Diary, songs by Gilbert Parker.....	1.25
Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, with drawings by Elihu Vedder.....	5.00

It will be seen that Gilbert Parker has put forth a book of songs, and Canadians should be interested in this venture. Tyrrell also has Parker's stories of Pierre, and three volumes of these would make a fine set for a holiday gift. Pierre and His People, An Adventure of the North, and A Roman of the Snows. As these all deal with the now famous Pierre, and are uniform in binding and in price, they would make a nice set and may be had for \$3.75. Of course they are placed on sale separately at \$1.25, yet it would be a neat notion to make a set of these three books. There is no book that has won so deep an affection (save and except the Bible) as Omar Khayyam's grand poem, Rubaiyat. Some of the leading English writers call it the greatest poem ever written. Tyrrell offers what is known as the Vedder edition—illuminated by Elihu Vedder—for \$5. Follow-

ment some books of wholesome fun, which will establish his title as the leading humorist of the continent. Often I wonder if the delightful story of Tom Sawyer is read by the youngsters of to-day as it should be. If not, the boys of the day are to be pitied.

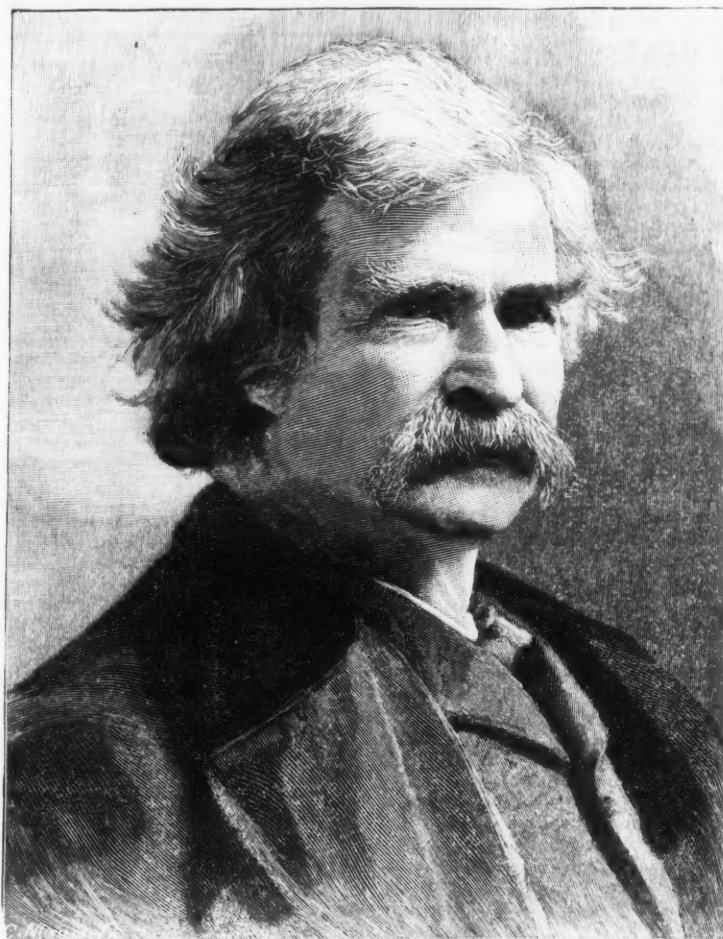
The London News speaks editorially as follows, and our readers, we hope, will pardon us for reproducing the item:

One of the best things of the year in the way of Christmas publications is the Christmas issue of SATURDAY NIGHT, the colored supplement alone being worth the whole price of admission. This colored supplement is a reproduction of a water-color drawing by a Canadian artist, J. D. Kelly of Toronto, and represents the battle of Queenston Heights, with Brock lying in the foreground waving his sword as he cries, "Push on, York Volunteers." The picture is an intensely dramatic and clever bit of composition, and people who are looking for a distinctively Canadian Christmas reminder to send to friends abroad can not do better than buy SATURDAY NIGHT'S Christmas.

S. R. Crockett is said to have had this experience recently, which he relates with keen appreciation. It was after one of the two or three public lectures that he ever delivered. A heavy, solemn-faced Scot came around after the tragedy, and shook him by the hand in a melancholy manner. "I have read a' your buiks," he said; and, after a pause, he added, "up to this," Mr. Crockett expressed his thanks. The man was silent a while, and tried again.

"You dinna do this for a livelihood?" he asked, referring to the recent lecture. "No," replied Mr. Crockett meekly. "I was thinking that," said Mr. Crockett's critic, with still deeper solemnity.

The Khan (R. K. Kernighan) is the most



MARK TWAIN.

From Photo by Sarony, New York.

ing the illuminated version comes the poem in type, with a biography of Khayyam and complete notes on the poem. Any person of literary taste who knows nothing of the Persian poet, would be made happy for life by a gift of this book. For this purpose it is the greatest discovery I have made on my tour. The poem is "rendered into English verse" by Edward Fitzgerald. Thoreau's Cape Cod, in two volumes, is a fine thing too, while the Life and Letters of Oliver Wendell Holmes is another prize. The little volume of verse by Thomas Bailey Aldrich is quaint and artistic, and would make a neat gift to a lady. For boys and girls Hawthorne's Wonder Book will just suit the parent or aunt who can put \$3 into a gift book. The books listed above, or anywhere on this page, are suited in binding and merit as holiday gifts, and as I have already said, these volumes should be looked over when people go purchasing, or may safely be ordered by mail from the dealers mentioned.

Try as they may, the London publishers and critics cannot convince the public that Mark Twain's romance, Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc, is not a humorous book—the public only find out the truth after they buy the story. People think that anything with Mark Twain's name on it must be intended for fun, and, really, when you come to think of it, what a book Mark could have written had he approached Joan as he did Genoa! Suppose he had turned the light of his humor upon the age in which the Maid of Orleans lived! But perhaps this was his original intention, only that the romantic and tragic possibilities of that chapter of history laid hold upon him. Tom Sawyer, Detective, and Told by Huckleberry Finn are two of Twain's books that are being brought out again in London this month. Tramp Abroad was issued last month, and there seems to be a new interest aroused in England in his works.

His historical romance is a capital one and quite took literary folk by surprise. His trip around the world will no doubt supply material for some good books. Mark Twain is ageing rapidly, and soon he may pass off the scene; but when he does go he will leave as a monu-

natural and musical of our Canadian poets, and no volume of his works has ever been published. The publishers of the Hamilton Spectator have undertaken to bring out a book of The Khan's poems, and I am sure the volume will be treasured by thousands of people.

The Westminster, the new monthly, edited by Rev. J. A. Macdonald and published in this city, has now reached its seventh number, and has conclusively shown that there is a large field for it.

Which is Absurd, by Cosmo Hamilton, is an intensely clever story of the Autonym series, which we have just received from the publisher, T. Fisher Unwin, Paternoster square, London. The tidy little books of this series are always engaging.

In very practical and conclusive sentences The Value of a Man to Society is summed up by Newell Dwight Hillis, D.D., in his volume under that title. Physically, mentally and spiritually the possibilities latent in man are set plainly forth, and the book, which is rather on materialistic lines, cannot fail to interest the student of humanity individual or collective. The book is excellently gotten up, and contains many thoughts of practical value to men both young and old. The Revell Publishing Company has placed it on the market.

A story on new lines is Mrs. Eleanor Kirk Ames' novel Libra, which has recently been brought out. The sign of the Zodiac, which gives its name to the book, is the sign ruling the disposition of the heroine, and the peculiar influence thereof determines her life's condition. She is betrothed to a Magerful Man, as Tommy Sandys puts it, a man born under the influence of an uncongenial sign, and the tale follows the engagement to its final rupture in a fascinating story.

The Columbia desk calendar pad will be appreciated by business men who are bicyclists as well. It can be had for ten cents from the Pope Mfg. Co., Hartford, Conn.



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Continued from Page One.

the time being, in the moon. The Ontario Government has always carried itself like a landlord, an owner with a greed for income, and there is ground for fear that the policy which it proposes to announce will prove to be more popular with voters than with pioneers, miners, and that numerically few but strangely potent breed of men who, by their courage in speculation, have led vast populations into all sorts of remote and forbidding corners of the earth. Unless such men are permitted to energize the masses here and elsewhere and to lead them into that vast country which our detractors have dubbed a "rocky wilderness," we may go on for a century an immature people, with half a continent, raw and useless, on our hands. The opportunity has come. Is Premier Hardy the man to seize upon it?

Notice.

Wanted—The proper address for a Christmas SATURDAY NIGHT left at this office, being from the postoffice, and marked "T. H. Lloyd."

Social and Personal.

Government House was thronged with hundreds of callers last Wednesday, and Mrs. Kirkpatrick was kept busy welcoming her hosts of friends. As week by week these delightful Wednesdays go over our heads, the cordial welcome grows ever more kind, as if to make us regret more and more the impending flitting of this most charming woman. On Wednesday the ball-room, where tea is served, held a merry crowd, in which were most of our visiting friends and dozens of this season's sweet young debutantes.

Prettier even than the fancy dress ball, that charming event, the *bal poudre*, when well gotten up never fails to secure the admiration of the connoisseur, and the event of Tuesday last was worthy of the highest praise. The "heads" were excellent, and the patches and artistic touches of *rouge* added to the effect, transforming many a quiet dame and demure girl into a sparkling beauty. We have had other *poudres* which fell short of the mark, but the *poudre* of '96 will be remembered as a success in every way. The women, the floor, the music and the supper were all above criticism, and there was what Brother Jonathan calls an "elegant sufficiency" of dancing men, without which no ball, be it never so well, goes merrily to its close. Who was the belle becomes a serious question, though a bright and charming hostess from Beverley street, who has the eternal fire of youth in her sparkling eyes, was unanimously pronounced the most perfect picture in the lovely scene. She wore a gown of rich deep green velvet, upon of white satin, with point lace and many jewels, and was the admired of all admirers. Mrs. Kirkpatrick, in her black gown, wore some fine diamonds and did not affect *poudre*. Miss Helen Kirkpatrick conformed to the pretty usage of the affair, and wore a handsome black gown, with square corsage bordered with jeweled passementerie and pale blue vest. There were the usual gorgeous brocades for which Toronto lady patronesses are noted. Mrs. Gooderham of Waveney in canary, Mrs. Beatty in gray, Mrs. Melfort Boulton in salmon, Mrs. Hardy in pink, Mrs. Moss in lavender, Mrs. Hay in moonlight green, and Mrs. Cosby in white, making a group rich enough for a court ball. White satin gowns were numerous; perhaps those worn by Mrs. Walter Barwick, Miss Cawthra and Mrs. Jones were the most elegant. Mrs. George Ritchie, who has a very smart foreign air, wore black, with immense *ruches* of white; Mrs. James Crowther looked very pretty in a delicate green satin, brocaded in pale rose. As to the girls, they were bewitching in every hue and shade. Miss Maude Hendrie, a veritable Angelica Kaufmann, and who came out at St. Andrew's ball last week, deserved the commendation bestowed upon her by a celebrated miniature painter, who happened to be at the ball. Her fresh young face was framed in a great rolled *coiffure*, wreathed with small French roses, her gown being of gold and white brocade. Miss Law wore canary silk and *chiffon*; Miss Crease was a picture in white, with patches and powder; Miss Macdougall was in white, Miss Bertha, in a quaint dove-colored gown with pink frills; Miss Kathleen Sullivan wore blue, with Watteau pleat of figured silk and wide lace *berthe*; Miss Gunther wore her bridesmaid frock of pink, with *ruches* of tulle; Mrs. J. Baird Laidlaw, her bridal gown of white satin; Mrs. Charles Beatty was very pretty in pale blue brocade, and stylish Mrs. Albert Gooderham wore a lovely gown of changeable mauve and rose poplin, with rosebuds and violets in the corsage; Miss Rossie Boulton wore her white *debutante* frock, and the *coiffure poudree* set off her dark eyes finely; Miss Robertson was in white satin, and canary satin shoes; Mrs. Ward of Port Hope, who is, I believe, a visitor at Maplehurst, was much admired in a white satin gown; Mrs. Gillespie wore a pretty white frock, with *heliotrope*; Miss Dixon wore pale green, with black *chiffon*; Miss Seymour was charming in a light *mousseline de soie* over silk, and Miss Katie Stevenson a petite Dresden figure in turquoise; Miss Edgar wore a pretty shell-pink silk; Miss Melvin-Jones wore a lovely gown of Swiss embroidery, daisies on white *chiffon*, and clusters of marguerites on the corsage; Mrs. Arthur Van-koughnet and Miss Drayton wore pink gowns; Miss Merritt, pale blue and white; Miss Jessie Rowand was also in white, and looked very well; Mrs. Jack Murray was very smart in a becoming pale blue silk; Mrs. Harry Pellatt wore a splendid gown of white brocade; Mrs. Sweny wore white silk; Miss Annie Michie was sweetly pretty in white silk, with ruby velvet trimmings and necklace of gold medallions; Miss Smart's dark eyes were prettier than ever, set off by her powdered hair; Miss Aileen Gooderham wore a pretty black frock with pale green velvet trimmings; Miss Fanny Small looked handsome in a pale pink gown; Miss Moss wore pale blue and white; Miss Gussie Hodgins wore pale pink with handsome white lace. There were several visitors in Toronto who were decided acquisitions to the ranks of the

cavaliers: Major Drury, who was up from Kingston for a few days; Mr. Hendrie of Hamilton; Principal Peterson of McGill College, who is staying with the John I. Davidsons; Mr. Porteous, and several others. The supper by Webb was very dainty and abundantly varied, and to Mr. Kay the hearty thanks of everybody are due for the distinctive and striking scheme of decorations in York and Lancaster colors, which was the most effectively simple I have seen. The use of numbers as rendezvous was very satisfactory, and the beautiful palm house was just at the proper temperature for a stroll or *tele-a-tete*. I wish some more impressive and convenient arrangement were possible for reaching the new gallery staircases, the present one being decidedly like the road to Paradise in at least one respect.

The forty-third public debate of the Osgoode Legal and Literary Society, with dance to follow, took place last Saturday evening. Sir William Meredith occupied the chair. The president, Mr. Claude Macdonell, delivered his inaugural address, followed by a short programme, in which Miss May Dickenson, Mr. Alex. Gorrie and Miss Ramsay rendered choice songs and readings. The debate on Stockton's ever tantalizing story, *The Lady or The Tiger*, which was outlined by the chair, was sustained by Mr. Martin J. Kenney on behalf of the Tiger, Mr. W. Finlayson, for the Lady; Mr. J. C. Elliott seconded Mr. Kenney, and Mr. J. G. Merrick closed the debate. The chairman declined to decide, and the audience gave the verdict (and the lover) to the Tiger. A very large and representative party of society people were present and stayed for the dance afterwards.

Mrs. Warwick of Sunnesholm has changed her day of reception from first and fourth Fridays to first and fourth Mondays. Mrs. Warwick expects quite a house-party for Christmas.

The dance at Stanley Barracks takes place on December 18, not the 15th, as I saw somewhere stated, and those who are bidden know what a delightful dance this always is. Colonel Otter and his officers are ideal hosts, and those cosy nooks and blazing fires are the acme of comfort and enjoyment.

Mr. and Mrs. James Carruthers and Mr. G. Carruthers intend leaving for a trip to the Mediterranean in a fortnight, and will remain abroad until the summer.

Some very pretty and inexpensive paper knickknacks are worth looking at for Christmas gifts at Mrs. Smith's of the Toronto Dye Works, who does marvels with tissue paper.

A sale of work by the St. James B. of W. A. is to be held this afternoon at Mrs. Hodgins' residence, 92 Pembroke street, with afternoon tea, from four to six o'clock. All interested are cordially invited.

Miss Mallory of Texas has been visiting Mrs. G. Allen Case. She was a noticeably handsome guest at the *poudre* ball, in a white gown with butterfly bows of rose, and a very smart bodice. A strikingly lovely lady was Mrs. Burnham (nee Cawthra) in white satin and powder. Miss Burnham was as pretty as a picture.

The annual At Home of the Harbord street Collegiate Institute, with excellent concert and promenade, takes place on December 22. Great success always attends the receptions given by the students of this institution.

The Lornes' At Home on Tuesday evening in Confederation Life ball-room is to be as perfect in every respect as an untiring committee can make it. A splendid list of patronesses and a rush for tickets ensure its success. Anyone wishing tickets should see Mr. H. D. Eby this week.

Miss Carlyon of Frederham House, Farnboro', Eng., was one of the spectators at the *poudre* and enjoyed the pretty sight.

Mr. and Mrs. Coy and Miss Marian Coy, of St. Catharines, have come to Toronto for the winter and have taken up house at 189 St. Patrick street.

Miss Irene Gurney and Miss Marion Barker are both progressing very favorably. I hope soon to chronicle their restoration to health.

The dance at Carbrook last Friday was a charming affair and everyone enjoyed it greatly. I was glad to hear that Miss Yarker was there, looking none the worse for her long and arduous duties in attendance on her sister during her late severe illness.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Morse have returned from England and have opened up their Toronto residence at 198 Jarvis street for the winter months.

The At Home to be given by the faculty and students of the Dental College will be held on Friday evening, December 18, at eight o'clock. An orchestra has been secured for the dancing, and as there will also be a first-class concert a good time is assured. The following ladies have consented to act as patronesses: Mrs. Hardy, Mrs. Ross, Mrs. Loudon, Mrs. Mulock, Mrs. Willmott, Mrs. Stuart, Mrs. Primrose and Mrs. Husband of Hamilton.

Miss Le Grand Reed will be At Home to her friends on the first and third Mondays at 507 Ontario street.

Many of our Toronto homes will show vacancies during the months of January, February and March, as their occupants will be spending part of the winter abroad. Trips to the Mediterranean, through Palestine, up the Nile, or down in the sunny climes of Bermuda, the West Indies, Florida or Nassau, are taken by those whose means enable them to thus abridge the long hours of winter.

Mrs. Cawthra of Yealand Hall has sent out cards for an afternoon reception on Saturday, December 19.

Knox church, Listowel, held a fashionable audience on Thursday, December 3, the occasion being the marriage of Miss Lorne Campbell, daughter of Col. D. D. Campbell, and Mr. A. G. Bastedo of Wingham, until recently of Listowel. The ceremony was performed by

Rev. William Cooper, and the church was most artistically decorated with palms, ferns, etc. The bride looked charming in her handsome gown of white duchess satin, with pearl trimmings and point lace; she carried a magnificent bouquet of white roses and Roman hyacinths. The bride's maidens were Miss Campbell, sister of the bride, maid of honor, Miss Bastedo of Newmarket, sister of the groom, and Miss Scott of Listowel. These young ladies were most becomingly gowned in white dotted silk trimmed with white *chiffon* and pearl trimmings; they wore large picture hats of black velvet trimmed with violets and feathers, and carried immense bouquets of mauve chrysanthemums. The groomsmen were the groom's cousin, Mr. Fred Campbell, one of Toronto's most popular young bachelors, while Mr. George F. Campbell of Boston and Mr. C. A. Campbell of Wingham fulfilled the duties of ushers. After the ceremony the guests, to the number of about one hundred, assembled at Argyle Place, Col. Campbell's handsome residence, where the bridal party held a reception, and where also were viewed the exceedingly handsome and numerous presents. Argyle Place certainly presented a very attractive appearance on this occasion, with its many floral decorations, combined with the beautiful dresses of the ladies. Mrs. Campbell, mother of the bride, wore *heliotrope* silk trimmed with Dresden silk and *chiffon*, with bonnet to match, and Mrs. Bastedo of Newmarket, mother of the groom, wore brown silk trimmed with pink *chiffon* and bonnet to match. Mr. and Mrs. Bastedo left for the East with the best wishes of many friends. Mrs. Bastedo will be At Home in Wingham after January 1.

Mrs. Arthur Meredith of Huntley street receives on the second and third Wednesdays instead of Monday.

The V. R. I. Garrison Bicycle Club held a very enjoyable At Home at Stanley Barracks on Monday evening last. The friends of this "natty" little club turned out in large numbers, and all were thoroughly pleased with the evening's enjoyment. New Year's Eve will see a repetition of last Monday's pleasure.

Mrs. H. S. Strathy held her post-nuptial receptions on several afternoons this week, and through the mud and gloom many a friend found her way to the bright parlors of the big house in the Queen's Park. The bride received in a quiet, rich gown, and was assisted by Miss Strathy. Miss George was in the tea-room, where Mrs. Taylor poured tea, and Mrs. Fisher, the bride's intimate friend, helped to look after the visitors, who at times poured in as if a tea were in progress.

Miss Boak of Chicago, who has been visiting Miss Hamilton of St. Mary street, returned home this week.

Osgoode Legal and Literary Society held their banquet on Wednesday evening, December 16, in Convocation Hall. This is the first function of this nature under these auspices held in eight years, and all the shining lights of the Canadian Bar are expected. Judge Falconbridge will preside. The music and decorations are to be first-class. The annual At Home will be held about the middle of next month.

Any number of pretty teas have been given this week, mostly by young people. The bud entertaining her sister buds is a study.

The Misses Chadwick gave a pleasant tea on Wednesday.

Mrs. Fitzgerald of 46 Bloor street west gives an afternoon reception next Saturday.

Mrs. Arthur Trojan Steele holds her second series of post-nuptial receptions on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons and evenings at her residence, 90 Maitland street. Mrs. Steele received a large number of callers this week, and looked very pretty in a black velvet frock, with rose-colored bodice of silk and *chiffon*, with pearls.

Mrs. Frederick C. Stephenson will receive on Wednesday and Thursday next, December 16 and 17, at 508 Parliament street, and on the second and fourth Fridays in each month.

A very pleasant little dance was given this week at the residence of Mrs. Brodie, Sherbourne street. A number of handsome gowns and pretty faces were seen. Noticeable among the number was one worn by Miss Warren (recently returned from Europe) of ivory satin covered with the sheenest of French grass-cloth and white violets brought from Paris. It was as dainty and pretty as the fair *debutante* who wore it.

Trinity College Convocation Hall was crowded for the concert and dance on Thursday of last week. Scores of *debutantes*, plenty of handsome women and the pleasantest of hosts combined to make the dance a crowning success. Professor Clark's charming study was a constant rendezvous for a congenial circle, and good cheer in abundance was at their disposal. Professors Huntingford and Isaacs were also hosts whose hospitality was much appreciated.

Justice and Mrs. MacMahon gave a large dinner party on Tuesday evening.

Victoria College Conversazione on Friday evening was one of the brightest ever held in that beautiful building. The concert was very interesting, the young ladies from Whitby College contributing very acceptably. The after-promenade to D'Alesandro's sweetest music was much enjoyed by a brilliant throng of young people, who looked very happy and handsome. Dr. and Mrs. Parkin of Upper Canada College were the Chancellor's guests, and many other smart people were present. The Victoria College Glee Club, and the Mandolin-Guitar Club, under Dr. Fick, were applauded and encored to the echo. Mr. and Mrs. Blight played and sang to the delight of all.

Mr. and Mrs. Crane are at the Queen's for the winter.

A domino party is not a common function in Toronto. Last week Miss Jean Smith gave such an affair for Miss Hyman, and the fun ensuing upon the disguises and recognitions was very great. The young people will pro-

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Whilst our stock of Silver Novelties was never better, we wish to draw special attention to our stock of little gold pieces of jewelry.

We have such dainty little things in "STICK PINS," "WREATH" and other brooches, "GEM RINGS," "SCARF PINS" and "CUFF LINKS," ranging at popular prices—from \$1.50 to \$10.00 each.

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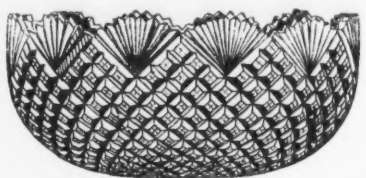
2-Clasp Derby Kid Gloves, with heavy stitchings, \$1.35 and \$1.50.
4-Bt. Dressed Kid Gloves, with fancy stitchings, in all colors, \$1.25 and \$1.50.
4-Bt. Dressed Kid Gloves, \$1.00.
4-Bt. Undressed Kid Gloves, with fancy stitchings and large pearl buttons, \$1.25 and \$1.50 per pair.
4-Bt. Undressed Kid Gloves, 75c. and \$1.
6-Bt. length Undressed Kid Gloves, \$1.00 and \$1.25.

A Souvenir Glove Button and Fancy Envelope given with every pair of gloves purchased.
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Social and Personal.

Monday was overburdened with teas. In Avenue road, Mrs. Marsh gave a very pleasant one, at which society was present in goodly numbers, and where all enjoyed themselves very much. In Sherbourne street, Mrs. McKinnon was At Home, and the various callers, who are sure to be in that neighborhood, found themselves, in many cases, finishing up an afternoon which was nothing if not gloomy, by a half-hour in the cheery social party, where everything was of the brightest and most enjoyable. The largest of the teas of Monday was that given by Mrs. Cawthra of Guiseley House, and those who fancy men are necessary to the contentment of the fair would have changed their opinion had they peeped into drawing-room, reception-room or corridor about five o'clock. Little women, big women, old and young women, with a sprinkling of girls, were at the full tide of fun and chatter. Several visitors saw a merry side of Toronto society. Mrs. McQuestion, who is staying at Dundonald, Miss Carlyon, who is at Benvenuto, and several other guests of well known people enjoyed Mrs. Cawthra's hospitalities. Women clustered gallantly about the charming rose-decorated table, where was abundance of dainty fare, and waited upon their friends with attention putting to shame many a *beau chevalier*. The protective and combative air of the woman who brings one in for tea is quite a study. Mrs. Cawthra, with her young daughter and lovely little granddaughter, Miss Grace Drayton, a most winsome baby, made a pretty family group of three generations. Everybody was at the tea, and consequently none failed to find half a dozen congenial *coteries*. A few of the guests were: Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Miss Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Wyld and Mrs. Campbell Macdonald, Mrs. Henry Cawthra, Mrs. Harry Brock, Mrs. Burnham, Miss Burnham, Mrs. Arkell, Miss McLean Howard, Mrs. Coulson, Mrs. Bolte, Mrs. J. I. Davidson, Mrs. J. D. Hay, Miss Jessie Rowand, Mrs. and Miss Mason of Ermeleigh, Mrs. James Crowther, Miss May Walker, Miss Beatrice Sullivan, Mrs. Drayton, Mrs. Harry Drayton, Mrs. Arthurs, Mrs. Alley, Mrs. George Jarvis, Mrs. Clarkson, Mrs. Charles Scott, Mrs. Sheriff Jarvis, Mrs. and Miss Mackay, and scores of others.

Mrs. Lyndhurst Ogden's tea on Friday of last week will be remembered as one of the pleasantest of this early winter season by many of the guests, who stayed almost beyond the limit of conventionality and had a very jolly time. Such a time as one happens on, now and then, when one meets old school friends who have not drifted into a preoccupied matronhood. Then does one hear surprising disclosures of bygone pranks scarcely to be credited to the handsome mother of big sons, the demure little housewife or the staid and dignified spinster who adorns Toronto society in middle age, but who had their girlish fun, as the young things do now, only of course much better and more of it. When such old girls and good cronies meet at a tea they are apt to linger behind the crowd of formal folk and enjoy a half-hour of fun afterwards, and feel a little debt of gratitude to their hostess beyond that invoked by mere offering of muffins and oblations of tea. *Les intimes* have too few chances in this busy town to enjoy a good, cosy chat and laugh together. On Saturday Miss Isalen Ogden gave a young people's tea, at which a pleasant group of young ladies and gentlemen attended, and forgot the murky afternoon outside.

Mrs. Arthurs' reception on Saturday was, in spite of the weather, of such dimensions as to deserve the London appellation of a "crush." The hospitable precincts of Ravenswood were literally overflowing with guests; the rooms, halls and stairs were packed, and as one merry matron remarked, "It was tremendous fun, for nearly everyone I knew turned up between five and six." After six, carriages still crept patiently in line to the hall doors, and belated men came like dark-colored wraiths tramping up the hill through the mist—whatever the secret magnet which never fails to fill Ravenswood on gala night, shocking roads and abominable weather have no counter spell. People all go, *comme ça va*. Mrs. Arthurs received in the drawing-room, assisted by her daughters, and a smart lot of ladies were supposed to assist in the tea-room, but the abundant attendance of men relieved them of much of the trouble or pleasure of seeing after the guests. Miss Kirkpatrick, Miss Leila Mackay and the Misses Beatty were among the busiest of girls for a time, seeming to be everywhere at once looking after people.

A very lovely and charming woman is Mrs. McQuestion of Hamilton, who is visiting Mrs. Mackay of Dundonald.

A habit at afternoon teas, which is partly carelessness and partly laziness, induces many a woman to drop her wrap in the entrance hall, sooner than trouble to take it and herself upstairs, even though a distinctly peremptory butler recommends the latter course. Often the last direction given to such a dignitary is, "Don't allow the hall to be littered with wraps." And so one is urgently directed to mount the stairs and leave one's wraps where they should be. Many women won't do so even then, though it would be far better form if they would, instead of dropping furs and cloaks about in the entrance hall, until it looks like a second-hand clothes shop.

It has been announced in the papers that the Toronto Club has voted against the privileges of the club being extended to ladies in so far as permitting them to dine at the Club is concerned. Thus does the small end of the wedge enter. Women were given a day at the Athletic Club; then they dined when it pleased their member friends at the Yacht Club; now they would invade the cosy precincts of the Toronto Club, not having forgotten the good dinners given during the exhibition of pictures last season. It is a fact that dining places are few in Toronto, but there are such places, and the generality of club men glory over the fact that at the club at least they can enjoy a totally masculine atmosphere, which from present appearances they have not the slightest intention of sweetening with the smiles of women. Do you remember, any of you, the expression

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567 Yonge Street, Toronto

on the countenance of one bachelor *habitué* at the Hunt Club last Halloween, when an invasion of vocal and laughing femininity disturbed his after-dinner meditations? I shall never forget it!

Mr. George J. Little of Parkdale has gone to Denver to spend the winter.

Two beautiful English gowns were those worn by Mrs. and Miss Melvin-Jones at St. Andrew's ball. Many people pronounced the exquisite sunset brocade worn by the former lady the handsomest in the room.

Mrs. Walter Beardmore, who has been so long abroad, is expected home immediately. Mr. Beardmore has leased Cloyneview from Mr. Frank Hodgins, and on Mrs. Beardmore's return that beautiful home overlooking the picturesque Rosedale ravine will no longer be *maison fermée*. Mr. Hodgins and his children are *en pension* in Carlton street.

Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn, who has been for several weeks laid up with the aftermath of a neglected sprained ankle, is still an invalid, the prettiest and most becoming *role* imaginable for the woman who depends only upon Nature's kindness for her charms. The dainty *couvre-pied*, the downy cushions, the few choice Jac. roses, the box of bon-bons, all the accessories which lend a glamor even to suffering, are second to the inextinguishable merry

repartee, sweet smile and musical voice of the fair mistress of the big house in Sherbourne street, who, her friends protest, never looked better in her life. At the same time, it is hoped she may soon be as well as she looks and able to take her place in society.

Many of the new Christmas goods are already in stock, and it is a pleasure to look over them while they are still fresh and unopened. The most striking shipment is that received by James Bain in the way of 1897 calendars. These calendars are superseding the way-worn Christmas cards and are exceedingly lovely as well as useful for the whole long year. Maud Humphreys and Frances Brundage have designed exquisite child studies. There are floral calendars, horse show calendars and pretty mechanical affairs, when by pulling a silken cord the month's calendar pops up at one opening and a charming girl to match the season at another. Violets and pansies are the favorite flowers for this Christmas.

"Oh, it was their little sisters," exclaimed a society man when I upbraided him for neglecting to exchange our usual friendly remarks at St. Andrew's ball. "A girl had half a dozen other girls up her sleeve, so to speak, and she unloaded the lot on you, and there you were, had to do your duty and had no time for little talks. Those little sisters were all over the place!" Which was funny, and also true!

Talking of sleeves, we took a walk about to study this year's sleeves, and how pretty they are, little puffs and shirrs and frills. Perhaps the five little frills are quite the prettiest.

Mr. Harold Bickford received a cable with the news of his success in passing his examinations and his choice of a commission either in Infantry or Cavalry, which has called forth congratulations from all his friends. Mr. E. O. Bickford and Mr. Harold Bickford sailed for England on Thursday.

Lieutenant-Colonel Carlyon and Miss Carlyon, who are *en route* from Australia to their English home, Farnham Hall, near Aldershot, have been for a week or two the guests of Mr. James of Benvenuto.

Mrs. FitzGerald of 42 Bloor street west gives an afternoon reception on Saturday next from 4.30 to 7 o'clock.

The latest forecast as to the next occupants of Government House has lain the mantle upon the shoulders of Mr. Edgar. There are quite a few people who think the mantle would fit.

Fooled the Commodore.

Of the late William H. Vanderbilt, his father, the commodore, had but a poor opinion of his business ability, and told him he could live on a farm that he owned on Staten Island, and that that was all he would do toward his support. Some time after that the old gentleman enquired of the son how his farm was doing. The latter replied that the crop was not good, and the farm seemed to need fertilizing.

"Well," said the commodore, "there is a lot of horse-refuse at my stable. I will give you a load—only one," and he wrote out an order for the one load.

The next day the commodore went to his place and was surprised to see the entire collection had disappeared.

"Where has that gone?" he asked of his stable-hand.

"Why, William H. took it."

"But he only had an order for one load."

"That's all he took."

"Why, what did he have?"

"A flat-boat."

New Danger to Firemen.

At a recent fire in the basement of a Chicago electric power-house the firemen had great trouble in getting at the blaze. They had to chop holes in the floor of the dynamo room before they could get a stream on the blazing pile of waste. Not waiting for the dynamos to be shut down, they crept through the black smoke and turned a stream on the flames. In an instant they were flung to the ground with great violence and the hose was sent flying into the air. A heavy current had passed along the stream and had shocked them. Though unconscious when rescued, they quickly recovered.

The Language of Eden.

No subject has been more fertile of speculation than the origin of language, and on few perhaps can less satisfaction be obtained. The Jews claim that the Hebrew tongue is the primitive language, and that spoken by Adam and Eve. The Arabs, however, dispute the point. Of all the languages except the Hebrew the Syriac has had the greatest number of advocates, especially among Eastern authors. Many maintain that the language spoken by Adam is lost. Goropius published a work in 1850 to prove that Dutch was the language

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spoken in Paradise. Andre Kemp maintained that God spoke to Adam in Swedish, Adam answered in Danish, and Eve spoke in French, while the Persians believe three languages to have been spoken in Paradise—Arabic, the most persuasive by the serpent; Persian, the most poetic, by Adam and Eve; and Turkish, the most threatening, by the Angel Gabriel.

Cumso—I wonder why the Cuttingham College for Women had to go into bankruptcy? Cawker—A rival institution spread the report that it was infested with mice.—*Puck*.

"Well," said the kite to the small boy, "I guess I will have to admit that you have me on the string. And that," continued the kite, "is what makes me soar."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

A famous Scotch dean used to tell a ghost-story, the clue to which is in the question: "Weel, maister ghaist, is this a general rising, or are ye just taking a daunder frae yer grave by yersell?"

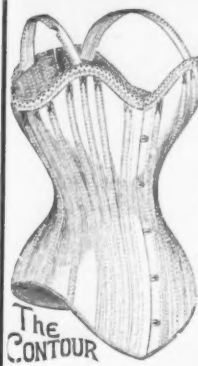
"I am sorry, monsieur, but I cannot consider your proposal. I shall never marry." "Never marry? But, mademoiselle, what do you intend to do with your immense fortune?"—*L'Illustration de Poche*.

"Mr. Tugby, you must not speak so rudely to Nora; you will hurt her feelings." "Nonsense—you couldn't hurt her feelings between now and Christmas if you pounded them with a baseball club."—*Etc.*

A story is told of a child witness in an Irish court who was asked by the judge: "If you took a false oath, what would happen you?" He hesitated, and at last said: "I suppose I wouldn't get my expenses."

Druggist—Yes, madam, I remember very

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well your buying a stamp. Lady—Well, I put it on a very important letter and posted it. It has not been received. I want you to understand that I shall buy my stamps elsewhere if this occurs again.

Little Girl—Please give me a penny, ma'am. Mother is dead, and my father can't go out at night any more by the doctor's orders, and so can't earn any money. Benevolent Passer-by—Can't go out at night? Why, what's your father's business? Little Girl—He's a burglar, ma'am; and before he was laid up with bronchitis we used to live beautifully!

VERNOR THE TRAITOR

A TWO-PART STORY.

BY S. R. CROCKETT

Author of "The Men of the Moss-Hags," "The Stickit Minister," &c.

Being the Memoirs of Patrick Vernor of Irongray, written by himself, and now published by his brother for the warning of others alike traitorous and malignant, and for the encouragement of them that do well.

[Copyright, 1896, by S. R. Crockett.]

I, Patrick Vernor, the younger, of Irongray, in Galloway, now private in Col. Douglas's regiment of dragoons, take pen in hand in order that I may write for the easing of my heart the story of a life wherein the bitter has ever lapped over the sweet, the evil overflowed the good, and the faint visitings of worthy desire have been blown away before the blasts of pride and black envy.

I mind well how it began. It was the day on which there came to visit us that best of ministers, good, simple Mr. John Welsh of Cluden. He had been over at the Scaur preaching, and after the sermon and the scattering of the folks—which as yet was done in peace, for Claverhouse had not then settled himself down to watch the Galloway hill folk at the bridge end of Dumfries—the minister came on with my father, John Vernor, to dine at our house of Irongray.

On the way he held converse with him concerning duty and privilege.

"Ye have seven sons, John Vernor; it behooves you to give one of them to the Lord," said Mr. Welsh to my father. "Ye are a man that, so far as the times have sped, stand as yet in good odor with them that are in high places. You are a man of substance. Well can you afford to spend some of your living on the educating of one of your lads for the preaching of the Word. Now, I have come so far to tell you a thing which it behooves you to give ear to. There are four youths of promise who are going by ship to Rotterdam, on their way to the College of Groningen—William Gordon of Earlston, a lad of parts and promise, being one of them. Wherefore, then, having this good chance, John Vernor, do you not send one of yours with them, to skill himself in the humanities; and afterward, if so his heart incline, to be exercised in sound divinity by Mr. Brackel of Leeuwarden, and the other great divines of the pure reformed kirk of Holland?"

And my father lent a not unwilling attendance, and considered of the matter, while I, who had been with him to the conventicle, pricked up my ears and listened. For so soon as I had heard of the journey to Holland I was smitten with very great desire to go.

It was not that I had any great call to the preaching work—God wot. There was never aught of that about me. But I may as well tell it out soon as syne there was a lass over at the Torwood that I was fairly daft upon. She had so twined herself about my heart that in her presence I became but a little wimpling dog, that twists itself and grovels in the dust to draw its mistress's eye.

Isobel Weir was her name, and a sweet maid she was—bonny, aye, beyond all in that countryside, and with such a serene, persuasive way with her that there was nothing that she would have asked that even a heart of stone could have refused. I loved her more than all this world, and infinitely more than the next. But me she would say no good word to. For I had the name of a wildish lad, and one that was a deal better at the sword-play than at the seventeen points of doctrine. But Isobel, as became a daughter of the Weirs of Torwood, was a true-blue maid of the Covenants. And many was the time she told me that if I wanted aught of her favor, I must company with those who sought the good way of her folk, and shun the back-swording and the weapon-showings, where only the ill-exampled and the unseemly congregated.

And so for awhile, to the infinite weary trial of my spirit, I did. Yea, for the sake of Isobel Weir, I attended the conventicles, and kept watch and ward for the coming of the "persecutors" over the moor. Also sometimes when I sat near her my heart was glad, and methought



She looked the other way.

that I had indeed found something of the religion of which my father and one or two of my brothers were always speaking. But when for a season I saw Isobel no more, and Gib Affleck or Wat Dickson called me in to drink a tawny of brandy with them, at the changehouse, straightway I forgot. So I was counted as of them that backslid; and when Isobel met me again, she looked the other way, gave me her hand right coldly, and walked with Robert, my younger brother, a callow fashionless lad that never did wrong openly all the days of him.

So now on this afternoon when old Mr. Welsh came over with my father to Irongray, and I heard him speaking of sending one of us to the college in Holland, there came on me a great desire to go. Moreover, I felt that I had the right of it, for was I not the eldest of John Vernor's seven sons? Moreover, I knew that merely shaping at the leading strings of preacherdom would bring me in favor in the eyes of Isobel Weir. And already I saw myself

saying farewell to her, and asking of her a kindly word, and it might be a kiss, before I went for the good cause to a foreign land. I saw her lift her eyes to mine with willingness and sweet surrender in them. Faith, I would have gone to Holland for less, had it been farther than the moon and aswarm with cannibals.

"I would see your sons," said Mr. Welsh, after he and my father had arrived at the house door, "and then there may come a message and a sign to me which of them the Lord has chosen for this work."

"Content!" said my father. "I will go gather the laddies in, that you may see whether there are signs of grace about any of them."

Then, setting Mr. Welsh in the great oak



But I said it low in to myself.

chair by the window, and giving him the Bible to divert himself with, my father went to the barn-end, and making a trumpet of his hands, he cried a far-held cry up and down the Cluden water. And silent Duncan at the herding on the hill caught it, and he left his ewes in the charge of Tweed, his wise dog, to keep them from breaking bounds. And Gilbert, the ready of speech, hastened up from the meadow. I could see his scythe glittering as he sat it against the dyke, for he had casten his coat and to the work as soon as ever he came back from the field-preaching. And the rest, my brothers, were all by this time in the little bedroom—all saving Robert, who was my youngest brother, and of little account amongst us. For his mother had spoiled him, making believe that he was delicate, and must not be stirred to rough work, when all the time he was but lazy and petted with being made much of, as the youngest of a household often is.

"Where is Robert?" said my father, when we were all settled in the room down the house.

"I ken not that," said my mother, "but I will go and seek him. He will be busy with his learning in some corner, doubtless."

Then after she was gone out the minister asked which amongst us most desired to go to Holland, and be colleged there with the young men who are about to set sail. Most of my brothers hung down their heads, being just come in from their work and having heard nothing of the matter. Besides, some of them had lassies who were fond of them in the countryside, and that made a great difference in their eagerness to adventure forth of the realm.

But I spoke up and said: "Mr. Welsh, I am the eldest son of the house, and if any ought to go forth to see strange lands and gather lear, it is surely I. If my father give his consent, I am ready to set sail with William Gordon and the rest. And I will strive every way to do your bidding, that I may prove no discredit to you either in the low countries or on my return. My father knows that I do not lie. And this I promise faithfully."

Mr. Welsh turned his head toward me as I spoke. He had beautiful white hair, and a broad collar of fair linen came down over his coat.

"Young man," he said, "ye speak somewhat carnally, but fairly. What ye say is of a good sound so far as it goes. But whether ye have indeed the root of the matter in ye—that I know not."

"That," replied I, "I know not either. But at all events, I have the will and desire for better things in me. And this, as I see it, is as much as at my age one may expect. I will e'en go to Holland to learn more."

But my father shook his head.

"Ye are better foddering the horse, Patrick," he said. "I fear all that ye would learn of divinity at Groningen would not choke a week-old chicken! Mind, I will not spend my good unclipped silver to let you play your plays among the Dutch birkies."

For this was ever his manner of making light of me. And his words made my heart bitter. For, had I had one to believe in me, all might have been different. But if a lad be flouted at home, with none to give him credit for good, he will soon seek credit of another sort elsewhere.

At this the minister looked more kindly, methought, at me.

"But tell me," he asked, "what is the reason that you so strongly desire to proceed overseas?"

So I spoke up bluntly, even as the words were given to me. For I never could cloak nor glose things over prettily.

"I am weary of the way of life here—of the stabling of horse and the milking of kye. I would fain lift my soul above the mizen. And there is a lass that wants me to gather learning over the water and to seek out the better way. I would fain do both for her sake."

"I hear no word of a leand and over-ruling providence in this," said my father. "I am not surely to pay good coined silver that you may

gain a lass's favor. What would that advantage the cause of the persecuted?"

The minister raised his hand and gently patted my father on the sleeve of his coat. "Patience, good friend," he said, "there have been stranger things than this that have yet fallen out. The Lord's bright jewels have oftentimes been digged out of very black pits. Remember that mighty servant of the Lord, Mr. Richard Cameron, who was brought up in the camp of the enemy and served as a bishop's schoolmaster about the wicked town of Falkland in the shire of Fife."

But just then came in my mother with my young brother Robert in her hand. She was lifting up her eyes and making a mighty phrase about something. We could hear her ere she came within the outer door.

"Such a marvel—a direct leading—even a prodigy!" she cried. "Here, when I went out to find this blessed lad, to bring him in to the man of God, where think ye I should come upon him, and how employed?"

"Maybe in the milkhouse, talking with the byre lass, and eating curds with his fingers—that was where I saw him last!" said I, bitterly enough. For I knew what would happen if once my mother got her ear into the water.

"Silence, sir!" cried my father to me with a stamp of his foot.

"Oh, Mr. Welsh!" my mother went on, looking at the minister with tears in her eyes, "this is he—this is indeed the chosen vessel. Believe it who will of one so young. I found him even in the orchard under the tree where Burgundy cherries grow. He kneeled on his knees, praying very precious for a blessing on this poor Scotland."

"So," said I, as dryly as I could, "methinks he must have gotten a glimpse of the minister coming up the loathing before he set to his petitions."

"You are a scoffer, Patrick," said my mother, "and will come to no good end. The lad was at his prayers, and among other things I heard him loud and instant that the sins of his brothers might be forgiven to them, and especially the often backsliding of this Patrick, who now takes it on him to flout the good lad for it."

"Wait till I get the good lad out of hearing of the house. I will make him send up some few other petitions," I said, shutting my fists for anger. But I said it low in to myself. Aloud I said: "My brothers and I are muckle obliged to Robert for his prayers for our backsliding. It is well there is something that he can do besides hang to his mother's apron-strings and be about dykebacks. He never was worth his kail at a day's work in his life!"

"The lad is delicate and of another mind from these rough lads," said my mother, to whom Robert was as the apple of her eye. "He draws naturally to the quieter ways of the house and the company of women folk."

"So," said I again, "then he will make a brave preacher to the hill folk—he must thole



"Go, then, scoffer," cried my father.

wind and wet, endure hardness cheerfully, sleep on draggled heather roots, and die at the last in the Grassmarket with a tow rope around his neck and a second-hand testimony in his mouth."

This daunted my mother a little, fearing for her petting.

"Let us hear what the lad says himself," said the minister, who had been narrowing his eyes and bending the tips of his fingers together upon us as he looked from one to the other. I could see that his mood was one of deep consideration. Yet the loon Robert, being ever the favorite of my parents, so roused my spirit to a very gale of anger that I could not restrain my tongue—though I well knew that I was playing havoc with my chances of going to Holland, as I so greatly desired to do. Yet, as I own, it was no ways for love of sanctity, but all for the sake of winning the favor of Isobel Weir, and also because one that had been there told me there was much gallant sword-play and good comradeship among the young collegers of Groningen.

Then that young supper-of-sowens, Robert Vernor, answered that he forgave me all my ill words of him, because that I knew no better, and spoke but after my kind. If he was judged worthy he was willing to go to Holland, for he had a call to the work and no fellowship with those foul talkers and evil livers that were about him here in Irongray. He was willing to give up all and adventure forth, if the minister and his father and mother bade him. He had been, he knew, already called of God. So he spoke meekly and pitifully, till I could have cast him into the horse-pond in fair disgust.

"Oh, the blessed lad!" cried my mother. "Patrick, there is a lesson for you—with your flouting and jeering. Did ye hear how beautifully he forgave you?"

The minister hung awhile on Robert's words.

"I suppose the youngest will have to go," he said, "for by his words (at least) he shows much more inclination to the work. And his parents are desirous to send him. Yet I am none so sure but that one (pointing at me) might have turned out the better man if his carnal nature had been in a little better subjection."

"Ah!" said my mother: "it is my Robert that has the beautiful nature. Patrick was

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ever proud and upsetting from a boy, and now most cruelly overrides the lad. It will be better to separate them."

"Well, since it must be so," said the minister; "yet I fear the carnal heart within me leans to the other."

He spake as a man that knows his mind.

But at this the devil in me rose and I felt that in my heart which I must speak out.

"Wait," I said. "I have a word to say. Hear ye all. Ye have spoken the worst things of me that am the oldest son of this house. They that brought me into being have proclaimed my faults. They have set aside



"You forget yourself, Patrick Vernor," answered Isobel Weir.

my urgent desire—God knows all I ever asked of them. They have made me of no account—it is well. Now I will take no more than the clothes I wear and go forth. My ten years' labor hath at least earned so much wages as a suit of gray homespun cleeading. I bid you farewell. Father and mother, I leave you with your dear son—your perfect son. The black sheep goes forth, lest his foulness should corrupt this white, immaculate lamb."

"Go, then, scoffer!" cried my father, "and never cross the threshold of the door—so long, at least, as the house of Irongray stands by the waters of Cluden and John Vernor lives to be master of it!"

But my mother put her apron to her eyes and wept aloud, whereat Robert went and put his arms about her neck. For of a certainty he had the art of comforting women folk, ever phrasing and dandying about them.

"Do not weep, sweet mother," he said; "you still have one loving son left."

I looked over at Robert, my brother.

"Pale wart," said I; "were it not for the presence of those whom I am bound to respect I would even twist thy neck, thou young hypocrite!"

My father pointed to the door.

"Out of my house, sirrah!" he cried, working his brows up and down in a way he had when he was sorely angered.

So I went out with all my brothers following after me—Duncan and Gilbert first, and after them John, Martin and Sandy. The five of these good lads said not a word, but came out at my heels, hanging their heads and looking mighty loath and sorrowful. So Robert was left in the room by himself with my father and mother and Mr. Welsh, the minister. And as we were already at the outer door, he called to me in his silky-sift, wheedling voice:

"Patrick, do not part in anger, my brother. Freely do I forgive you all the ill words ye have spoken of me."

But I turned the back of my hand to him, as I stood for the last time on the threshold of the house of my fathers, from which I was now to be evermore an outcast.

"That for your forgiveness!" said I. "Keep it to cozen older fools withal! You cannot take in Patrick Vernor with your sugared lies!"

So from the house of Irongray, where I was

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kind which comes out in asking long blessings at meal times and interlarding a sanctified word or two in common speech—such as: "It'll be a fine day the morn, if the Lord will," or, "we'll shear the sheep on Monday, gin a kind Providence spare us!" For many is the sound reputation for godliness which has been built on just as little as that.

But I never had the art to guide my tongue all the days of me, and oftentimes, alas! I have permitted it to guide me; and a man lands surely in the mire when he lets his unruly evil tongue charge.

At all events, there I was outside the door of my father's house, and presently, being conveyed on my way by my five kindly brothers, whom I had not suspected of so much tenderness for their elder, I found myself at the loosing foot. There is a ford near by over the little water of Cluden and a crossing of stepping-stones, about which as bairns we had played the day by the length, before ever we heard a sound of the weary Covenants that have worked so muckle strife in this land. I had my foot on the first stone when Duncan nudged Gilbert to speak. He was a fine, solid lad, Duncan, but not a gleg at the talking.

"Duncan wants me to say, Patie," said Gilbert, taking the signal reluctantly, "that we are heart sorry for this cast out. And we are vexed for ye, and we do not think that ye have been rightly used. But ye are to mind that the Irongray is your ain, and we will work it for you as the rightful heir. There's nae o' us that are Jacobs, or would supplant our brother. Is that no richt, lads?"

"Aye," gruffly enough responded Duncan. And the others also said "Aye" with one voice. "And ye are no to do anything rash, Patie," he went on, "for we have here some pickler siller that we had laid by us. It's no better than twenty Scots pounds, but ye are welcome, Patie (stop that whinglin' and greetin', Martin; think sham o' yourself, man). And ye are to tak' it and look about ye a wee, and no do anything rash that ye would be sorry for after, like!"

"Lads," I answered them slowly, for I was near overcome, "I canna tak' your hard-won siller. Ye'll be needing new plaids and bonnets, and I ken Duncan was saving for a Bible."

"It's a lee—I wasna," said Duncan. "Na, na, so long as Patrick Vernor has a pair of strong hands, the world will no come greatly wrong to him. Fare ye weel, honest lads. See and humor my father, gin ye can. It was never a thing I was good at myself."

So I shook hands with them all five, and turned away. I could hear poor Martin, that was ever a kenneing soft in the heart, break into a passion of tears, at which Duncan took him by the neck of his coat to shake the folly out of him.

"Have ye no more sense?" he said, "Dinna make it harder than it is for Patie."

Ah, good lads, kindly lads—praise God for five brothers that are neither time-servers nor hypocrites!

But it was at the kirk stile, as I went by the village, that I got the heaviest stroke. For there I met Isobel Weir. She came daintily over, liltin' at a psalm, and putting up her hand, as she saw me, to the blue maiden's snood that belted her yellow hair.

"You are bound for Holland, I hear," she said; "they tell me that Mr. Welsh has gone up to settle the matter with your father."

"Not I," I made answer, gloomily enough, "but Robert, my brother, goes to Holland in my stead. He, as we all ken, is the lad of grace in our household, and keeps himself first in favor with the golly. Who can contend with such a flower of sanctity?"

"You forget yourself, Patrick Vernor," answered Isobel Weir, holding up her head severely; "better would it be for you to be likewise in favor with things honorable and great with golly men. Your brother Robert is truly a lad of promise."

"And also of comeliness—a very young David, with his lovelocks and ruddy cheeks," said I, bitterly. "Well am I aware that he has the favor of all you women, and especially of Isobel Weir of the Torwood."

"And though he hath, what is that to you, Patrick Vernor?" the girl answered me. And there was fire in her eyes, for I saw that she had taken my meaning but too well. Now all my days, though I loved her dear, yet had I never any power to please her. Nor were my words ever agreeable to her, like the cunningly patient smiles, the quick observance and deference of Robert, my brother.

"Truly it is nothing to me; there say you rightly, Isobel Weir," I said. "If you had loved me it might have mattered more. But since you will not, why then, there is no more to the business but just to shake hands and part. I bid you farwell, Isobel. It is a long day since I carried you over Cluden water on my back and ye called me your love, being then but a bairn. I bid you farwell, for when next you see me go by, it is little that you or any honest lass will have to say to Patrick Vernor."

"What would you do to yourself?" she asked—looking, as I thought, a little dashed at my bitter words and determined air.

"Faith, I go to Dumfries to take the king's colors and ride merrily a-trooping. Since they will not make a soldier of me on the one side, what better can a landless and kinless loon do, than take arms on the other?"

(To be concluded next week.)

What Pleasant Spot

or more convenient location to which to meet out of town friends, city friends or to make new friends than Muller's smokers' emporium, 9 King street west? The best values in cigars from the 5 cent Victor to the very finest imported or domestic. This invitation is meant for you.

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Many a Young Man.

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QUEER CORNER

NOTICE.—The readers of SATURDAY NIGHT are requested to contribute information to this department. Items regarding events that have occurred in Canada will be especially welcomed, although facts, whether original or not, native or foreign, will be published if interesting. Queer occurrences are constantly happening, and we are anxious to place them on record. Any interesting item on any subject will be published. Any fact, article or piece of information sent in and not used will be returned by the editor and the reason of its rejection explained. Address letters to "Queer Corner," SATURDAY NIGHT, Toronto.

THIS IS WORTH MONEY.

Sixteen years ago Squire Frazer of Midland found a sword on lot 99, concession 1. Tiny, near Crawford's creek, and on an old Indian trail from the Old Fort to Nottawasaga Bay. The Squire has placed the sword on exhibition in the Midland Free Press window. It was evidently a gentleman's sword with a cross-handle, and has been changed to be used as a pike or bayonet. On the remaining portion of the handle is stamped:

ANET IN AETERNVN 1619.

EBRYM DOMINI ANNO.

STORY OF A PENNY.

Fourteen years ago John Miller, now of Walkerton, kept a store in Enniskillen, Ont. One night, just for pastime, his son, James, and Robert Hawthorne, cut their initials on a penny and put it in circulation. A few weeks ago Hawthorne, who still lives at Enniskillen, while making some purchases in the self-same building, received in his change the big penny on which, years ago, he had carved his initials. Where or how far the penny has traveled in the meantime, or through whose hands it has passed, who can say?

NEWSPAPER STATISTICS.

A statistician has learned that the annual aggregate of the circulation of the papers of the world is estimated to be 12,000,000 copies. To grasp the idea of this magnitude we may state that it would cover no fewer than 10,450 square miles of surface; that it is printed on 781,250 tons of paper; and, further, that if the number (12,000,000,000) represented, instead of copies, seconds, it would take over 333 years for them to elapse. In lieu of this arrangement, we might press and pile them vertically upward to gradually reach our highest mountains. Topping all these, and even the highest Alps, the pile would reach the magnificent altitude of 490, or, in round numbers, 500, miles. Calculating that the average man spends five minutes reading his paper in the day (this is a very low estimate), we find that the people of the world altogether annually occupy time equivalent to 100,000 years reading the papers.

McKINLEY AND BRYAN.

One afternoon recently two gentlemen who bear rather distinguished names, says the Owen Sound Times, happened to visit Parker's drug store at the same time. One was Mr. William McKinley, the well known Bognor blacksmith, and the other was Mr. W. J. Bryan, the well known Desboro farmer. They shook hands and enjoyed a social chat just as though there had never been a scrap between gold and free silver.

QUEER POINTS.

The only gem in the world which cannot be counterfeited is the opal.

It is calculated that in large ocean steamers more than 3,000 articles of glass and china are broken on every voyage.

There are more wrecks in the Baltic Sea than in any other place in the world. The average is one wreck a day throughout the year.

The lowest temperature ever recorded was on December 30, 1871, by Professor Gorochov, at Verchojansk, Siberia, 81 degrees below zero.

The British Isles comprise no fewer than one thousand separate islands and islets, without counting mere jutting rocks or isolated pinnacles.

More eyes must be damaged or lost than most people suppose. Two million glass eyes are manufactured every year in Germany and Switzerland.

A bride in Montreal appeared at the altar with her pet canary fastened to her shoulder by a golden chain. During the ceremony the bird broke into song.

Only seventy years have elapsed since the first railway in the world was finished. During that comparatively brief period 400,000 miles have been constructed.

It is said by philologists that there are thirteen original languages, the Greek, Latin, German, Slavonic, Welsh, Biscayan, Irish, Albanian, Tartarian, Illyrian, Jazygian, Chaucian and Finnic.

In Holland a woman is a secondary consideration—and a poor consideration at that. No Dutch gentleman when walking on the pavement will move out of his way for a lady. The latter turns out invariably, however muddy or dangerous the street.

A Young Lady's Escape.

Friends Thought that the Span of Her Life Would be Short.

At Last With But a Grain of Faith Her Mother Administered Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and she is Now Cured.

From the Montreal Herald.

This world is full of change. There are changes that affect the constitution of the individual, changes that will come—we cannot avert their coming—but we may parry the unsalutary character of their influence. Womanhood in its inception is susceptible of changes that demand the most judicious attention and prudent care to ensure perfect development and happy maturity. These changes are so vital and so subtle in their character that unless the utmost vigilance and discrimination is exercised in the choice and application of reputed remedies the worst results may accrue. The constitution may be undermined and the germs of disease fostered. Vigorous life is at the basis of all enjoyment and success. To be weak is to be miserable. It is therefore fundamental to every interest of humanity that life's red, red stream be kept pure and healthy. Owing to neglect of these particulars many young women have allowed life to become a burden and a wearisome round of duties. Faint and

weak very aptly describes their condition after venturing to perform some ordinary household duty. What can be done to accomplish the rejuvenation of these unfortunate ones? There is a remedy widely known and loudly applauded, whose virtues are proclaimed on the house tops and whispered on the streets. Ten thousand mothers have recommended it and ten thousand daughters praise it. Read what one of them has to say: "In the village of Lancaster there lives Mrs. A. J. Macpherson, widow of the late A. J. Macpherson. She is well and favorably known in the community. Some four or five years ago Mrs. Macpherson sent her eldest daughter to New York. While there she resided with her uncle and attended school, being then only about sixteen years of age. The social life of her temporary home made rather severe demands upon her time, and being ambitious she was anxious to make rapid progress in her studies. In each particular she enjoyed a covetable measure of success, but at no small cost. Many remarked her paleness and loss of color. She began to feel tired and weak after a little exercise, such as a short walk. Miss Macpherson's stay in New York lasted about two years. All this time she ate and slept fairly well. In the spring of 1893 she came home, and her mother could not but remark how changed her daughter was—pale and languid instead of being bright and ruddy. Thinking that nourishing food and perfect quiet, with judicious exercise, would restore the lost vigor and ruddy glow, it was participated in to the fullest extent. For a month this was tried, but still Miss Macpherson was as pale as before, liable to turns of weakness and with an unsatisfactory desire for sleep. At this juncture the family doctor was consulted. Iron pills were prescribed and a trip to the Thousand Islands taken, the stay lasting about six weeks, during which time everything was done to help her recovery. The friends with whom she stayed came to regard her recovery as extremely doubtful, and when she returned home her mother saw no improvement. One day while making purchases from a dealer in vegetables he (the dealer) took the liberty of making some remarks anent the health of Miss Macpherson, which was obviously not promising. He strongly urged the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mrs. Macpherson was not over credulous of the qualities of the Pink Pills, but they were purchased and used to the best advantage. "Soon after beginning the use of the pills," says Mrs. Macpherson, "I thought I saw a reddish tinge upon her cheek and in the course of a week or so my daughter felt better. The tired feeling began to vanish and the abnormal sleepiness began to yield to the influence of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Continuing the use of the pills the progress of her restoration was continuous and complete, and her improved looks were the subject of favorable comment for some time." To-day her health is all that could be desired, and both the young lady and her mother are firm believers in the medicinal virtues of Pink Pills and often recommend them.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills create new blood, builds up the nerves, and thus drives disease from the system. In hundreds of cases they have cured after all other medicines have failed, thus establishing the claim that they are a marvel among the triumphs of modern medical science. The genuine Pink Pills are sold only in boxes, bearing the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Protect yourself from imposition by refusing any pill that does not bear the registered trade mark around the box.

The First of these Monthly Competitions will commence January 1st, 1897, and will be continued each month during 1897.

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After they had parted she wept bitterly. Suddenly she ceased. It had occurred to her that perhaps her tears might fall on her new silk waist and spot it irrevocably.

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THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor

SATURDAY NIGHT is a Twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly, and devoted to its readers.

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"The Battle of Queenston Heights."

WE are happy to inform our readers that in all parts of Canada our Christmas Number, with its patriotic supplement, the picture of The Battle of Queenston Heights, is meeting with a reception that might be described as phenomenal were it not that the picture appeals so strongly to the sentiment of Canada. Last year we issued the Champlain picture, which was the first important attempt made in this country to link our art and our history in such a way and at such a price that the great bulk of the people could not fail to observe and be impressed. This year we have made a still stronger effort in the same direction, for the subject of this year's picture is that battle of which every school-child in the land can relate the particulars—the battle of Queenston Heights. No Canadian schoolboy has ever read the story of the death of Brock without feeling his blood run faster, and so it is not surprising, nor at all phenomenal, that from every part of Canada and from every little village in Ontario, orders are pouring in for more copies of the Christmas Number than we have ever sold before. Fortunately, our experience of last year, and faith in our premium picture and Christmas Number, caused us to print an unusually large edition. We wish to see this book and picture sent out to all parts of the world, as well as to every part of Canada, and many prominent Canadians are ordering large numbers of copies for sending abroad. Our nation-makers see the value of the work and are spreading its influence.

Some brief excerpts from references made in the newspapers are here given, merely to show the tone of the press. We could quote from a hundred papers and fill twenty columns, but these four short sentences express the general comment:

The Battle of Queenston Heights is alone worth double the cost of the whole. —*Georgetown Herald*.
Should not be overlooked by all who have Canadian enterprise in view or Canadian sentiments at heart. —*Blenheim News*.

The story of the war is written by George Taylor Denison in so vivid a style that one can almost hear the musketry and the shouting of the charging brigades. —*Guelph Herald*.

The premium picture, The Battle of Queenston Heights, is of national interest. —*Northern Presbyterian*.

The Drama



The Metropolitan English Opera Company of New York opened a short season of grand opera at the Grand on Monday evening last, when Verdi's ever-popular *Il Trovatore* was presented before a large and fashionable audience. The performance, taking into consideration the necessarily somewhat limited resources of the company, was generally very satisfactory. Among the soloists were several artists already well known in Toronto, among whom might be mentioned: Mme. Januschowsky, Miss Lizzie McNichol, Mr. Payne Clarke and Mr. William Mertens. A feature of the performance was the exceptionally fine work of Miss McNichol as Azucena. This sterling artist has always been a popular favorite in Toronto. Her rich voice and excellent dramatic ability, however, were perhaps never displayed to such advantage in this city as on this occasion. She was repeatedly recalled and may fairly be said to have won the triumph of the evening. Mme. Januschowsky was also very successful as Leonora, and was most enthusiastically recalled after several of the principal numbers. A small but efficient orchestra, under the experienced directorship of the veteran conductor, Mr. Adolf Neundorff, and an effective chorus combined to produce an ensemble which gave every promise of a week of successful performances. On Tuesday evening Flotow's tuneful opera, *Martha*, was given to a much smaller house, the unfavorable weather and several strong counter attractions evidently affecting the attendance materially. In this performance the fine singing and acting of Miss Nina Bertini Humphreys as Martha, and of Miss McNichol as Nancy, proved the strongest features of a generally smooth performance. Mention should also be made of Ricci and Montegriffo in their respective roles of Plunkett and Lionel. On Wednesday evening Mascagni's *Cavalleria Rusticana* and one act of Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor* were given. On Thursday evening Gounod's immortal work, *Faust*, was presented, and on Friday Bizet's great creation, *Carmen*, held the boards. Balfe's *Bohemian Girl* will be given at the matinee this afternoon.

the week's performance to conclude with Verdi's beautiful opera, *Rigoletto*. MODERATO.

The Toronto Opera House put on a first-class show this week and drew good houses. Comedies described as "screaming," sometimes make one "scream" with pain, but The Other Man's Wife was an exception. The plot is based on the old situation of a mother-in-law marring connubial bliss, and on the difficulties of maintaining appearances in a little affair on the part of the hen-pecked husband with "another"—a very erratic, impulsive lady whose moods are not to be depended on for the fifteenth part of a second. This lady is married but separated from her husband, who is an old friend of the hen-pecked chap, a fact of which he is blissfully ignorant. Several very interesting complications develop from this material, but the real interest and humor of the piece center in the acting of Mr. Coote in the part of "Mr. Timid, the crushed." It is a decided relief to discover once in a while that an actor in a play of this kind can be excruciatingly funny without finding it necessary to walk backward into wash-tubs, trap-doors and so forth, or tie himself into knots, or bellow at the top of his voice, or do any of the things that have long seemed to be essential but which have become trying and monotonous as time has progressed. Mr. Coote leaves horse-play out as a general thing, and what little he does do is not unduly prominent. As a consequence Mr. Timid is one of the most thoroughly humorous and laughable characters that has been seen at the Toronto for a long time. The character of the mother-in-law besides, of course, being very much overdrawn, is, I think, "out of true." I don't know, but I should imagine a mother-in-law gains control over a man not by pure force of bullying, but by a continual nagging process, a constant working on his feelings and his longing for peace. However, I am inclined to doubt whether the obnoxious mother-in-law really exists apart from the stage and the comic papers. She is the person who eventually becomes the grandmother, a relationship that is almost always a pleasant and lovable one, and when it is considered that a man's own mother is his wife's mother-in-law, the ancient mother-in-law skit seems scarcely good taste. Lightning, the messenger, deserves to be congratulated on the cheerful, business-like way in which he accepts the rousing kick in the coat-tails which Mr. Timid invariably awards him on his presenting a message. He actually seems to enjoy it. When it is calculated that he receives at least a dozen "booster" performances, six nightly performances and three matinees per week, one is tempted to compute how far he is kicked per annum. The comedy is preceded by a curtain-raiser, a charming little one-act piece, entitled *A Veteran of France*. The character of Francoise, the old soldier of Napoleonic days, is admirably presented by Nick Long, while Miss Idaline Cotton as his daughter is natural and clever.

Harry Bennett scored a personal triumph in West Association Hall on Tuesday evening, and the concert was a fine one, he being assisted by Mrs. W. Bentley Hall, soprano; Miss Bertha Sargent, elocutionist; F. X. Mercier, tenor; Martin Cleworth, entertainer; George R. Joseph, soloist; Joseph Youngheart, tenor; Jim Fax, entertainer; Charles Richards, mandolin and banjo; G. E. Kendall, pianist, and Miss G. McGraw, accompanist. Mr. Bennett is one of the jolliest humorists in the business, and his songs are always in good taste. Compared with others he is young, and should make quite a reputation in the next year or two.

A reader at Oakville writes me as follows: "Mr. C. LeRoy Kenney gave a monologue recital here last night of Sheridan's comedy, *The Rivals*, before a critical audience, and scored a triumph. His impersonations of Sir Anthony, Mrs. Malaprop and Bob Acres were specially well drawn. This was Mr. Kenney's first appearance here, but we hope it will not be his last."

William R. Boys has announced a lecture on Non-Competition in Business for Monday evening, December 28, in St. George's Hall.

The sale of seats for Christmas week at the Toronto Opera House will begin to-day, Saturday. The attraction will be Charles Cowles, the English comedian, who will be seen here for the first time in his play entitled *A Country Merchant*. During the engagement four matinees will be given, viz., the usual "bargain matinees" on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, and a special holiday matinee on Friday.

Next week at the Grand we shall have quite a novelty—a star who is heralded as both actor and musician, Auguste Van Biene in the play, *The Broken Melody*. This play reached its thousandth presentation in England in July last, and one critic writing of the play and the player said: "There are two things worth living for—to hear Adeline Patti sing and Auguste Van Biene play the 'cello.'" We shall see if this high praise is deserved, and at all events the unique position occupied by Van Biene is indicated by the fact that in his character of Paul Borinski, a Polish nobleman and refugee, he executes on the 'cello' such selections as Poppo's Hungarian Rhapsody, Mascagni's *Intermezzo*, Home, Sweet Home, and his own fantasia on Gounod's *Faust*. The *Broken Melody* is, in short, at once a drama and a concert. This should certainly prove a novelty, and I am assured that it is of a high class, the play and company being strong.

Excelsior, a spectacular extravaganza which is said to be beautifully staged and costumed, is announced for next week at the Toronto Opera House. It is promised that it will be presented here in every detail as it was in New York, with its superb scenery, electrical effects, choruses and ballet. Among the specialists with the company are: The English top boot dancers, the Helstons; Fish and Quigg; William McRobie, the Australian character comedian; Miss Ruth Ward, a singing comedienne; and Conroy and McFarland, two clever Celtic comedians. During the engagement, "bargain matinees" will be given on the usual days, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

Mr. Crimmonbeak—Do you think, my dear, that the time will ever come when the men will do the cooking? Mrs. Crimmonbeak—Not in this world, John. —*Youkers Statesman*.

SPORTING COMMENT

THE SPORTSMAN UP-TO-DATE.

For Saturday Night.

He loads a thousand cartridges
From number eight to buck;
Then dreams of hares and partridges,
And bears and geese and duck.
He hirth a Greener gun
At five a week of prepaid mon,
Nor kens he is the greener one
To do all this and call it fun.

His wife he will express (collect)
A score of birds at least;
And tells his friends they may expect
Of venison a feast.

'Bear and for bear, as well, says he,
They shake their heads quite knowingly;
And tell him that if he should see
A bear, be sure and climb a tree.

He journeys off to God-knows-where,
But has his doubts of that.
He tries to live on backwoods fare
Of beans and tea and fat.
He tries to drink bad mountain dew,
Too soon upon his flask he drew;
Cigars all gone and baccy, too—
I grieve to say he tries to chew.

He wanders in the forest dim,
And from the path astray;
And there, a prey to horrors grim,
All night he has to stay.
They hunt him up, and find his ghost;
His hair is white with fear and frost;
His gun is gone, but hang the cost!
He's glad enough he is not lost.

He climbs a mountain, meets a bear,
Get's dry—but not from thirst;
And then remembers in despair
He put the shot in first.
And when he leaves the blessed spot,
He looks back like the wife of Lot,
And figures what he lost and got,
And what he saw and what he shot.

A chipmunk and a chickadee;
A bluejay's feathers, too,
Stuck in his cap, like Tell, to see
If he looks telling, too;
A feeling very near to crime—
It don't look very much in rhyme,
But cost two hundred to a dime,
And yet, he had a "lovely time!"

And so he had.

CHARLES GORDON ROGERS.

The competition for the Mulock Cup has been very keen this year. Nine teams were entered, but it simmered down to the School of Science and '99 teams, which met in the finals on 'Varsity campus last Tuesday afternoon. S.P.S. won rather easily, the score being 24-0. These games have brought out a lot of new material, the most promising of which will likely be seen struggling for a place on the 'Varsity team next year.

The annual meeting of the Quebec Rugby Union was held last Saturday in Montreal, the following officers being elected: President, A. J. Whitham; 1st vice-president, E. P. Gleason; 2nd vice-president, A. G. B. Claxton; hon. secretary-treasurer, E. H. Brown. The charge of professionalism against Laffeur of Ottawa College was taken up, but not discussed to any length. The resignation of the Quebec club was regretfully accepted. There is no doubt the Quebec club has cause for complaint at the treatment they received, but I am sorry that such a good team will be out of the union next year. They played in Toronto against the Lornes in '95 for the intermediate championship, and are remembered as being excellent sportsmen.

The old discussion as to the justness of the present "tie" system of competition in vogue in the Ontario Rugby Union has been renewed. While there are many arguments in favor of continuing the present arrangement, yet if a schedule was adopted by which a team would meet all the other teams in the series, it would give general satisfaction. It is very discouraging to a team (a new one especially) to be knocked out in the first round, only meeting one team in the series, instead of having a chance of fighting it out until the end of the season.

That flourishing organization, the Brockville Rugby Football Club, has started a snowshoe club, named the Island City Snowshoe Club. The object is mainly to keep the football players together, and it is intended to merge the whole affair into an athletic club embracing all kinds of sports.

The annual meeting of the Ontario Hockey Association was held at the Queen's last Saturday and the following officers elected: President, J. A. McFadden of Stratford; 1st vice-president, A. F. R. Martin of Osgoode; 2nd vice-president, G. J. Horkins of Peterboro; secretary, A. H. Beaton of Queen's; treasurer, A. Creelman of Toronto. It was decided to inaugurate an intermediate series, the executive committee having power to place teams in whatever series they are most adapted for, the object being to make the competition more even. In the past there have been teams entered in the senior series which had no right there, and yet were too strong for the juniors, and *vice versa*. It was also definitely decided that a player cannot play in more than one hockey association or league. This will prevent members of the Bank League playing in O. H. A. teams, a rule which will be especially hard on the Victoria and T. A. C. teams, as several of their best players are in the city banks.

'Varsity, Queen's and Peterboro' will all likely have teams in the three series, and Trinity in the senior and junior. There will be about thirty teams in the association this year, being ten more than last. Trinity and T. A. C. have arranged to practice at the Caledonia Rink this year. There is more opportunity for combination play on this rink than on any other in the city, and we may expect to see an improvement in the hockey played this year over that of previous years.

The Bank of Toronto appear to have a good chance of winning the Bank League championship. They have imported Queen's lightning forward, McKay, who is one of the best at the business, and if Gilmour is able to play they will have a very hard forward line to beat. The tactics adopted by the Banks to secure players remind us very much of the "ads" we see in the country newspapers in the spring. "Wanted—young man to accept situation as

'baker.' Good lacrosse [or baseball] player preferred." This is not true sport and should be discouraged.

The Star Hockey Club have re-organized for the season, with the following officers: Rev. D. C. Hossack, hon. president; Hon. S. C. Biggs, Q.C., president; H. S. Leslie, vice-president; C. Fenwick, manager; A. F. Barclay, secretary-treasurer; B. Morice, captain; H. Cooper, N. Watts, B. Morice, committee. The Club will play on the Parkdale Rink, corner of Close avenue and King street.

The proposition of forming a junior league, consisting of clubs playing on open-air, uncushioned rinks, is being discussed in the West End. There are a number of clubs that are barred out of the City Junior League on account of the impossibility of practicing cushion-play at the rinks at their disposal, and it is thought that a league might be formed to take in these.

A couple of weeks ago in speaking of the Columbia bicycle I stated that the price at which it sells next year may affect the price of other wheels. This seems to have been an error, as it has been pointed out to me that the Cleveland has already advertised that its price will be the same next year as this, and that the new features of the '97 wheel have already been decided upon—that the Cleveland wheel does not wait for others to set the fashions by any manner of means.

In view of the fact that all grades of cricket matches are included in the averages of the clubs, several players have suggested that I should give each club's average by itself. Next year it is to be hoped that clubs will be classified, so that the published averages will mean something. The game is sufficiently developed here for us to begin modeling upon the English system, which is the growth of long experience. I only give the batting averages of men who have batted ten innings and have averages in double figures:

TORONTO CRICKET CLUB.				
Batting.				
	Inns.	Runs.	not out.	Avg.
J. M. Laing	20	498	3	27.32
D. W. Saunders	10	219	2	27.37
W. H. Cooper	25	573	3	26.13
P. C. Goldingham	21	334	3	25.42
P. F. Loosmore	13	191	0	14.69
E. G. Rykert	24	323	1	14.04
H. H. Loosmore	16	213	1	14.00
W. R. Wadsworth	30	340	4	13.07
W. W. Jones	17	187	2	12.46
W. E. Dean	17	196	1	12.25
K. H. Cameron	15	149	3	11.96
P. F. Loosmore	12	121	1	11.27
A. A. Brewer	10	73	3	10.42
W. M. Massey	19	194	1	10.21

OTTAWA CRICKET CLUB.				
Batting.				
	Inns.	Runs.	not out.	Avg.
H. A. Ackland	22	388	1	17.65
D. C. Campbell	14	233	3	16.64
T. J. (Pro.)	20	314	3	15.70

OTTAWA CRICKET CLUB.					
Batting.					
	Inns.	Runs.	not out.	Avg.	
H. Ack and	22	383	1	17.45	
D. C. Campbell	11	231	3	16.61	
Turton, (Fre.)	20	314	3	15.70	
Bowling.					
	B.	M.	R.	W. Avg.	
M. G. Bristowe	343	18	123	19	6.47
E. E. Turton	1187	60	469	62	7.41
H. M. Hutchinson	248	12	97	13	7.46
W. C. Little	797	32	317	42	7.54
Turton, (Fre.)	1022	24	477	61	7.81
F. C. Goldingham	111	11	189	21	8.03
V. H. Steele	647	17	332	33	10.06

GARRISON C.C., TORONTO.				
Batting.				
	Inns.	Runs.	not out.	Avg.
W. H. Cooper	11	231	2	25.66
D. C. Campbell	14	233	3	16.64
P. C. Cooper	23	270	1	12.27

PARKDALE CRICKET CLUB.				
Batting.				
	Inns.	Runs.	not out.	Avg.
C. Leigh	17	323	0	19
W. E. Dean	14	233	0	16.67
J. T. Clark	17	212	0	12.47
S. Chambers	20	218	2	12.11
F. Sterling	21	286	1	11.23
A. G. Chambers	25	241	2	10.47

GARRISON C.C., TORONTO.					
Batting.					
	Inns.	Runs.	not out.	Avg.	
W. H. Cooper	231	4	2	2.04	
Lieut. Marshall	11	208	0	14.85	
Pte. Cooper	23	270	1	12.27	
Bowling.					
	B.	M.	R.	W.	Avg.
W. H. Cooper	706	50	235	47	5
Lieut. Marshall	639	54	186	32	5.81
Corp. Male	128	17	10	1	7.50
Pte. Marshall	100	25	250	28	8.92
Pte. Walsh	270	10	162	17	9.52

Mr. W. H. Cooper for the whole cricket season of 1896, and including all the games in which he played, has made a total of 1157 runs, in 57 innings, with 7 not outs and an average of 23.14. In bowling his whole season's average is 2120 balls, 132 maidens, 860 runs, 117 wickets and an average of 7.30. This, it must be admitted, is remarkably good.

The representatives of the different curling clubs met this week, and agreed on the following schedule:

Granite vs. Queen City.
Toronto vs. Parkdale.
Queen City vs. Queen City.
Granite vs. Parkdale.
Toronto vs. Prospect Park.
Queen City vs. Parkdale.
Toronto vs. Queen City.
Parkdale vs. Prospect Park.
Toronto vs. Granite.
Prospect Park vs. Granite.

The first five matches must be played before January 20; the remaining five may be played any time before the close of the season. In all likelihood there will be more curling done this winter in Toronto than ever before.

It has been decided that in the city Trophy Competition each local curling club shall play one game with each of the others—that there shall be one round instead of two.

There is some talk of a triangular lacrosse league being formed next spring between McGill, Varsity and Osgoode Hall. Anything leading towards increasing the popularity of the game is to be welcomed. THE UMPIRE.

Sad But True.

For Saturday Night.

My sweetheart said, "I love you, dear."
No glad enchantment filled my soul,
No blissful hope I felt to hear
The words that from her red lips stole.

My sweetheart said, "I love you, dear."
Ah me! my heart grew strangely cold;
And the night, erstwhile bright and clear,
Grew dark with shadows manifold.

My sweetheart said, "I love you, dear."
I staggered, aye! I seemed to smother,
For those fond words I chanced to hear
Addressed to my respected brother.

LIZZIE DYAS.

The Yule-Log's Glow.

For Saturday Night.

A slender sapling supported the form
Of a violet slain by the sleeting storm;
Of a spot where the flower had pillow'd its head
Was sweet with the perfume its petals had shed.

The slender sapling became a great tree—
"And forgot the poor flower!" No, not he:
For the feasters say, and they surely should know,
That flame violets flash'd from the Yule-log's glow.

ERNEST E. LEIGH.

Where Heaven Is.

(From Arthur Weir's new volume, *The Snowflake and Other Poems*.)

When the babe is swung in its peacock cot, the warm
sun shining, the song-birds gay,
Cool shades among, in its lacquer grot, the child
reclining doth dreamful sway.
Hope's hand, entwining life's harp new strung with
joyous garlands, its sound doth stay,
And he thinks earth heaven to him God-given, nor
cares though the passing hours delay.

From the threshold of life on the bright pathway that
stretches far to the infinite,
Youth yearns for the strife as a child for play and his
dreamings are of a well won height:
As at dawn of day when the Morning Star unbinds
the zone of the virgin Light,
We watch, all breathless, for beauty deathless, so
heaven's beyond us, yet seems in sight.

And then, ah! then, as the years go by, and hope
grows weary with waiting long,
When truth in men we must fain deny, the *miserere*
replaces song.
Like slaves that ply in the galley's den the laboring
oar, through sin and wrong,
The soul plods on, and heaven is gone; we can but
suffer and yet be strong.

The heaven of man is never here; it always is where
his treasures are.
To-day's brief span arches little dear, the stream of
bliss seems wider afar,
From this to the path is drear, there's always
something each joy to mar,
Till the past that is real becomes ideal under the gold
of life's twilight star.

When the snows of age fall thick and fast, and passion
has faded like flowers that grow,
The memory sags dreams of the past and all
that has made it have joys below,
When the friends long laid in the grave, at last,
stand beckoning us in the twilight glow,
And wrongs endured prove that which cured, the
heaven behind us too late we know.

Art Criticism Made Easy.

Art Amateur.
I aim to teach the Ignorant in Art.
In one short lesson, how to play the part
Of Critic. 'Tis a nice accomplishment.
Costing no effort, save a few hours spent
In learning half a dozen words "by heart."

Of these, "technique" you first should memorize.
This term employ when you would criticize.
A canvas where the paint is laid on thick
And looks as the 'twere modelled with a stick.
The artist, knows the technique that you praise
Comes from a multitude of underlays
And palette scrapings rubbed in here and there—
Nay, if you but look closely, you may trace
Beneath some broad "Nocturne" a ghostly Face,
And underneath the Face, perchance, there lies
A "Gray Day," "Grand Canal," or "Bridge of Sighs."
No matter! The 'twere accident it came,
Speak highly of the technique just the same.

If to your critic eye the sketch appear
Lacking in technique, then it is quite clear
That you must praise the picture's "atmosphere."
This is a good, wide-reaching word—I would advise
Its use whenever called to criticize.

"Tone," "feeling," "quality," are good words in their
ways.
But what adds mostly to a Critic's praise
Is silence. In this manner we suggest—
An admiration that cannot be expressed.
If you would praise a picture to the sky,
Stand speechless, open-mouthed before it—Sigh!
Advance, retreat, view it thro' half-closed lids,
And, having stood thus several moments dumb,
Make sundry sweeping gestures *with your thumb*,
Saying the while (and let your voice be tense)
"That feeling! Really, it's—it's immense!"

By following these very simple rules
One quickly will achieve a Critic's name;
But see you praise each picture—never blame!
You laud the artist; he in turn commends
Your taste and judgment—thus your fame extends.
Verbum sat sapienti (here the lesson ends).

CHARLES LOVE BENJAMIN.

Rhapsodie.

My love is fair
With golden hair,
Her eyes are blue,
Her heart is true.

And her voice as sweet as the bulbul's note
As he quivers and swells his ruby throat
On the boughs of the tamarind tree.

And every grace
Of my sweet love's face
And the smiles that seek
Her dimpled cheek
Are all for me and me alone,
I would I were upon a throne,
My dainty queen she'd be.

LONDON. H. C. SCRIBANTON.

Where's Mother?

Bursting in from school or play,<

STEAMSHIP SAILINGS.
NEW YORK - LONDON
 English Channel Southampton Route
 Express ships every Tuesday and Wednesday
 Bermuda—Every 10 days.
 West Indies—7 special cruises.
 Nassau—(Rail and steamer).
 Florida, Mexico, the Nile.
 Plans of steamers, sailings and rates on application.
BARLOW CUMBERLAND
 STEAMSHIP AGENT
 72 Yonge Street, Toronto.

Sailings for Mediterranean

Steamers	From	Arrive	From	Arrive
	N. York	Gib't'r	N. York	Gib't'r
Fulda	Dec. 20	Jan. 1	Jan. 1	Jan. 12
Columbia	Jan. 5	Jan. 13	Jan. 13	Jan. 16
Kaiser Wilhelm II	Jan. 10	Jan. 18	Jan. 18	Jan. 21
Werra	Jan. 16	Jan. 23	Jan. 23	Jan. 27
Ems	Jan. 23	Feb. 1	Feb. 1	Feb. 4
Fulda	Jan. 26	Feb. 6	Feb. 6	Feb. 12
Normannia	Jan. 26	Feb. 15	Feb. 15	Feb. 19
Kaiser Wilhelm II	Feb. 20	Mar. 1	Mar. 1	Mar. 3
Ems	Feb. 27	Mar. 8	Mar. 8	Mar. 10
Werra	Mar. 6	Mar. 15	Mar. 15	Mar. 18

Steamers call at Algiers.
SPECIAL CRUISES NEW YORK TO EGYPT.
 Leave New York Ar. Gibraltar Ar. Alexandria
 Columbia, Jan. 5 Jan. 13 Jan. 20
 Werra, Jan. 16 Jan. 23 Jan. 27
 Normannia, Feb. 13 Feb. 21 Feb. 24
 Ems, Feb. 27 Mar. 8 Mar. 10
 Fulda, Mar. 13 Mar. 22 Mar. 25
ORIENTAL CRUISE—First Bismarck, Jan. 26.
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NORTH GERMAN LLOYD S. S. COMPANY
 New York, Southampton (London), Bremen.
 Lahn, Dec. 22 10 A.M. Jan. 31 10 A.M.
 Havell, Dec. 24 10 A.M. Jan. 12 10 A.M.
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International Navigation Co.'s Lines
AMERICAN LINE
 NEW YORK—SOUTHAMPTON (London)—Paris—
 St. Louis, Dec. 16 10 A.M. Jan. 6 10 A.M.
 Paris, Dec. 23 10 A.M. Jan. 13 10 A.M.
 New York, Dec. 30 10 A.M. Jan. 20 10 A.M.
RED STAR LINE
 NEW YORK—ANTWERP
 NOORDLAND, Wednesday, Dec. 16, noon
 FRIESLAND, Dec. 23, noon
 KENSINGTON, Wednesday, Dec. 30, 1 p.m.
International Navigation Company
 Pier 14, North River. Office, 6 Bowling Green, N. Y.
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Anecdotal.

A short time ago an old lady went on board Nelson's flagship, the Victory. The different objects of interest were duly shown to her, and, on reaching the spot where the great naval hero was wounded (which is marked by a raised brass plate), the officer remarked to her: "Here Nelson fell!" "And no wonder!" exclaimed the old lady; "I nearly fell there myself!"

Challemeil Lacour, the French statesman who died a few days ago, had an appointment with Schopenhauer, the German philosopher, one day at a Frankfurt hotel, and found him just finishing dinner at the table d'hôte. There were several officers at the table, and in front of Schopenhauer lay a gold piece. He said to the Frenchman, as he arose and put the coin in his pocket: "I have had this gold piece on the table every evening for a month, having made up my mind to give it to the poor the first time these officers here spoke on some other topic at table besides promotion, horses, or women. I have the money still."

A Montana cowboy after a severe illness, during which he had been very kindly treated by the hospital physician, called at the home of this friend to thank him for his attentions and say farewell. In the conversation the doctor mentioned that he intended visiting Europe shortly. "Then you must call on some friends of mine who will see you pleasantly entertained," said the cowboy—a particularly rough specimen of the breed. He sat down and dictated a letter, addressing the envelope to the "Marquis of Maitland," at a castle in England. The physician smiled a bit incredulously as he took the note. "You know the gentleman, I hope?" "Rather," laughed the cowboy; "that gentleman happens to be my father."

Lord Meadowbank, the second of the name, was the son of Lord Meadowbank, esteemed in his day as a wise judge. John Clerk, afterward Lord Eldin, was arguing before the court that the words "also" and "likewise," used in a conveyance, had different meanings. "Surely, Mr. Clerk," said the judge, "you do not seriously argue that 'also' means anything different from 'likewise'?" They mean precisely the same thing, and it matters not which of them is used. "Not at all, my lord," rejoined Clerk; "there is all the difference in the world between the two words. Let us take an instance: your worthy father was Lord Meadowbank; your lordship is 'also' Lord Meadowbank; but you are not 'like wise' Lord Meadowbank!"

An old story revived by the late historic festi-



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val in Plymouth is about Joseph Bartlett, an American lawyer, who went to England shortly after the close of the Revolutionary War. One evening he strayed into a theater and found the actors performing a species of satire on the war. A company of American soldiery was introduced—a ragged, motley set—armed with scythes, hammers and soldering irons. In contrast there moved across the stage a troop of British warriors in fine gay trappings and glittering arms. The difference was amusing and the British audience laughed. In the midst of the merriment Lawyer Joe arose and shouted, "Long live His Majesty, King George of England, whipped by tailors, tinkers and cobblers!" There was a profound hush. For a second it seemed as though the American would pay for his temerity with his life, but admiration for his pluck won the day and the ominous silence was broken with a ringing cheer.

Col. Burr of Virginia was a mighty fox-hunter, and loved the sport beyond words. He owned a fine pack of hounds, and, during the season, thought of nothing but his hunters, his dogs, and the weather. He was once entertaining an army friend from Texas, whose ideas of hunting any animal involved the use of fire-arms, and who had never seen a fox-hound. He had been with difficulty persuaded to go forth one morning with the colonel and some friends to a meet, and they were waiting impatiently for the hounds to take the scent. Presently there burst upon their listening ears the din of thirty canine voices in full cry. The colonel's eyes gleamed, and, as he settled his feet in the stirrups and stretched his arm toward the yelping pack, he cried: "Major, listen to that heavenly music!" The major pricked up his ears for a second or two, and then replied: "I can't hear a thing. Those d— dogs are making such a noise." The colonel put his spur savagely into his horse's side and dashed away, leaving his guest to his own devices.

A few years ago, Bill Nye and Herrmann, the magician, met for the first time in a small Ohio town. They stopped at the same hotel, and were given seats at the same table in the dining-room. They bowed politely and began talking about the weather, each believing that the other did not recognize his *vis-a-vis*. Just as Nye raised his knife and fork to cut a dish of lettuce salad, Herrmann uttered a cry of protest. "Excuse me, sir," remarked the wizard, "but I thought I saw something queer there in your lettuce." The humorist carefully looked over the salad, leaf by leaf, but found nothing, and again raised his knife to cut it. Again he was stopped by a sharp cry from Herrmann, who added, apologetically, "I beg a thousand pardons, but there is something there. Excuse me"—and he pointed to a large lettuce-leaf, raised it, and disclosed underneath a magnificent diamond cluster ring. Nye slowly picked up the ring, and, without the slightest manifestation of surprise, drawled out: "This sort of thing has gone just far enough. I'm continually shedding diamonds wherever I go. Day before yesterday I lost a solitaire in a sugar-bowl in Pittsburg, and in Cleveland this morning the chambermaid, in sweeping my room, found three or four more. It is positively giving me brain-fag to keep track of these things, and I'm going to give it up as a bad job." Beckoning to a waitress, he slipped Herrmann's ring into her hand and said: "Here's a trifle for you. Keep it to remember me by; it's yours." It took the owner of the ring about half a day to recover it.

Between You and Me.

THE attitude of the sexes toward each other is, after all, the surest test of progress or retrogression. Some vague inkling of this, in some perverse and benighted brain, started the first Woman's Rights pioneer. The brain grasped the idea that woman had rights, and without a study of woman's lovely capabilities, rushed at the conclusion that her rights were those exercised by men. Men, most of them, know better than that; women ought to, every one of them, but it is hard to stop a stone rolling down hill, which is an apt simile for the progress and accomplishment of the first crusade in favor of Woman's Rights. To wear trousers, to vote at the polls, to live alone, to make herself hard, combative, dogmatic, hideous to the eyes that loved the woman nature, what else? The very war-cry of "No more male tyranny!" was the biggest joke of the sorry burlesque, but people were deaf and blind to it—many people, too. Finally the stone reached the foot of the hill, from midway, where it started, and then the task was upon the mad lot of clamorers to roll it back, for it was to the top and not to the bottom it had to go. There have been troubles and trials enough to break the heart of anyone but a real woman, in that journey back, that journey which goes retracing through the ages the downward rush, climbing, slipping, clinging by sheer desperate grit; climbing again to the top, where Eve, who is every one of us, stood in her right to be God's most perfect creature, and where we shall also stand, not if we strive, for we must all strive, sooner or later, but because we strive.

I was thinking of some of our hindrances, from ourselves or others, last evening, and it came to me thuswise. I heard a young man speaking roughly to a girl. The girl was sweetly pretty, a young thing in a white ball frock, and the man just the ordinary, bifurcated, swallow-tailed, white-tied young man who puts his arm about you and hales you through a two-step. "Come on, if you're coming then," he said in a gruff, bullying tone. "Make up your mind what you want, will you?" And the young thing looked him over calmly and said, "There, I will dance it!" and I stared at the pair, for in her place I am afraid I'd have said, had I been a sweet young thing at my first dance, "I don't want you, at all events." My partner combated my remark to that effect. "Why, Lady Gay, they like it," he said decidedly. "I tell you, the women of to-day laugh at manner, at civility, at courtesy. They like men in the rough, the rougher the better." And I looked mournfully at him (for he has the sweetest manners, with the little seriously deferential touch that Adam had before the Fall; that whisper which reaches the heart of the real woman and makes it glow

with proud humility), and he laughed, and perhaps he was right, only the woman of to-day is a bigger fool than she need be, if he was!

A correspondent writes commanding me to discourse on the rage for touring, which has seized upon the world. "My wife and daughters," says this exasperated he, "are planning their third visit to Europe while I write to you. They spent the spring and summer in France two years ago; before that the girls studied in Germany, and between whiles we all made the tour of the Continent, which occupied six months and cost more than that number of thousands. I did think I should be settled down for a year or two now, but they are bound to go to Russia, for what I cannot tell. If they came back more cultured, more entertaining or more contented, I'd grin and bear the touring, but they are neither of the three. They never talk of their travels, I get no amusement from their letters, their tastes are as crude, if I may use the expression, as they ever were, and their health is not so fine. What can you say about this, little Lady Gay?" Poor father of a girl-family! What, indeed! Aren't there any nice young men you know, who, for a little consideration, might be encouraged to anchor these girls in Canada? Ah, no. I beg pardon. I see a little further on in your letter you say, "My girls have no prospects of a settlement here that I approve of." Go to! father of touring girls! And go it, ye tourists! I see, as plainly as if I were looking, where the shoe pinches. Papa is *difficile*, is he not? and the men you like are afraid of him, are they not? And this man, who is really a tyrant after all, is writing to me to smack you for him! Never, my benighted father of girls! I am glad you don't live in Toronto, or I should be tempted to go to the station with some roses and a *bon voyage* for the family when they start on their next tour. Please don't think I am a wicked "little" Lady Gay, but you are the makings of a fine old Turk, and this isn't Turkey, though it is midway between Christmas and Thanksgiving Day.

Those girls remind me of a woman I was talking to in a great city the other day. The woman suffers from heart emptiness. You know, that is the great disease of humanity; or perhaps you don't know, but that doesn't alter the fact. People take some little thing and try to fill their hearts with it, and it rattles around like a pea in a pint, and they feel hollow and uncomfortable, and perhaps they drop in two or three more tiny things, which only make more rattle and divers kinds of pains and twinges. There is for every empty heart something that will just fill it; the pity of it is that what with putting rubbish in, by mistake, and not seeing the right thing staring one in the face, by reason of stupidity and disinclination to look squarely at issues, many a heart goes hollow, until the ache is almost deadly. This woman thought that her heart needed filling, and so it does, and she suggested to me that a little social cocktail, so to speak, a taste of society, would fill up that great, cold, hollow heart of hers. And I thought of the wild ass of the desert, and approved of her filling of east wind rather than a society atom for an empty heart. And I told that restless, unsatisfied woman in New York that she mustn't fill up with society, but with rest; that the things that come to one when one is all alone were what she needed. And I pray she understood it, for her eyes veiled themselves, damp and appealing, and she sighed gently, "Perhaps I do, my dear."

One never knows who has empty hearts! Husbands have them, because their wives never filled those hearts and never will; wives have them, when scraps of lace, and strings of pearls, and other nonsensical things crowd out the love and the care every happy marriage brings as its recompense for renunciation. Young folk have them, ah! the pity of a young heart that feels its emptiness makes one groan; and saddest of all, old people have them, which once were full and now are void, because time, the inexorable, has let them live over-long. But cheer up, old folks and young folks, and fill up those empty hearts. I cannot tell you how. It is one of God's secrets, which He whispers to one when no one else is near. LADY GAY.

Miss A. Henderson, Professor of the Piano, Montreal, has selected and purchased a Pratte Piano for her own use.

Dr. Frederick T. Roberts, M.D., Professor of Clinical Medicine at University College Hospital, London, Eng., says: "Bright's disease has no symptoms of its own and may long exist without the knowledge of the patient or practitioner and no pain will be felt in the kidneys or their vicinity." Ordinary common kidney diseases, many times unrecognized as such, will become chronic and terminate in Bright's (organic) disease of the kidneys, unless taken in hand. Warner's Safe Cure, with a record of twenty years of success back of it, is the only recognized specific for this disease.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

BIDDY.—There isn't any ear-mark of genius in your study, but it is strong, true and honest enough. You are to be trusted, are generous to others and very appreciative of yourself, in spite of your deprecating sentences. You are no logician, but have very good sense, and enough force to face a tough problem, with a healthy clinging to your own notions. I don't think you could be guilty of a mean or petty act.

LLOYD.—This study does not ring quite true. It gives me the impression of copied sentiment, a sort of posing. The lines show appreciation, fancy, facility, imagination, love of talking, some wasted effort, self-assertion and a good deal of affectation. You are careful of effects and like praise. There is a lack of originality, but good sequence of ideas. Don't get into a prosy habit whatever you do!

LLOYD.—Please don't think you won't be successful, or you surely won't. Think you are certain to succeed, then go ahead—do it! Your writing is painfully indirect and wavering in aim. What's the matter? You need perseverance, concentration and

unity. I don't often get such a weak and rattled study, and it shouldn't be, if you knew your possibilities. There, I won't pick it to pieces—gather up the strands and live.

CHIMMIE FADEN.—I should say you were sisters and that you were the elder, but the latter is only guess-work. You have many of Nellie's traits, only maturer and better controlled, and you have a much more distinct purpose and a constant pursuit of it. In order to be over-seer or manager you need a good deal more忍心, self-control and concentration. It seems absurd to give you responsibilities yet a while. However, there is first-class stuff in both of you.

JUGARTHA MILES.—I am sorry your writing is so horrid. It shows a good deal of force, wanting refinement, a tendency to affectation and posing, lack of sympathy and undue self-assertion. Your judgment is faulty and prejudice strong. You have a good deal of ability, but contrive to spoil the impression you might make by traits of which you're perfectly aware. The artistic and inventive faculties are strong. A clever, headstrong and not very gentle woman.

BABYLON.—I. You cannot take a post-graduate course of nursing at the General Hospital, unless under unusually favorable circumstances. The three years' course has been instituted there this year, and the course is severe. Perhaps some other hospital would be less strict. 2. With more conservatism and less reserve, and also a less self-appreciative mind, you resemble the Biddy girl very closely. Are you not relations? If so, Biddy should be the elder and you the stronger.

PETER THE GREAT.—An easy and facile method, high sense of honor and truth, and a most pleasing manner. Writer has tact, sympathy, and a bright and hopeful nature. Some lack of snap and force seems to be evident, and a tendency to uncontrolled effort, waste of force. The aim is ambiguous, and will sometimes flit; a good deal of adaptability and a sweet disposition are shown. Writer might brace up a little with advantage, but is altogether a pleasant study.

HYPATIA.—I. Oh, the twists and twirls of you! A bright and magnetic person, quickly perceptive, somewhat abrupt, very mercurial and rather erratic in impulse. You have no end of imaginative faculty, like your own way, are sweet-tempered and desirous of popularity, apt to be hopeful, and able to enjoy a joke. If there were ever two opposites, you and your enclosure are such. Don't let him sit upon you. He is capable of it. 2. In answer to your query kindly read rules.

A. T. STEWART.—This is the writing of a capable, practical and not very original person, perfectly poised, good-tempered, somewhat broad-minded, but cautious in making friends; lots of force and energy, and appreciation of things lovely; careful in method, and in familiar surroundings apt to reason closely and lucidly, but range is circumscribed and logic fails in new fields. Writer loves his own belongings best, is honest and truthful, has good self-respect. A somewhat heavy study.

IL THYOTATORE.—You are decidedly a breezy character, forceful, careless and self-willed. I don't see any sign of swelled head, but of a very clever head and plenty of ideas in it. You are very bright and have lots of vitality. There is a high order of talent of some distinctive sort and a good deal of imagination. What you need is self-restraint and discipline, the last things you are likely to accept or understand. Perhaps you'll be more "crazy" now that you know what your writing tells me.

MRS. HARRIS.—A diplomat is a man who reads the minds of others and conceals from them his own, who has tact to conciliate and firmness to withstand—a rare specimen! Your writing shows a self-reliant, rather canny and good-tempered person; hopeful, cheerful and truthful. You would be a diplomatic failure. I don't see why you shouldn't succeed as a teacher; you would be a conscientious one, and business-like, I am sure. You are close-mouthed, and sure to hang on to any advantage that comes your way. Don't be selfish.

FOR THE SOUTH.—I hope that *nom de plume* will catch your eye; you did not sign your note in any way. You will have no difficulty in getting apartments or board in any of the large towns or cities, but if hotels are expensive. I think in your place I should take rooms and have light house-keeping. You can always get help easily. Perhaps someone will give this correspondent definite information for her writer, with two or three others, between the Carolinas and Florida. I will see that she gets it if sent to this column.

CONVULS.—"How I envy you" is the keynote of a weak character. No one who understands how to live could possibly write such words, and you write them so blindly, foolishly, Corinne! You little know how foolish you are! Take this sentence and paste it in your hat, "Envy is the lowest vice of a discontented fool," and never envy anyone again. You have a soul of your own, and no one else is able to be as precious and as interesting. Ill-health may account for some of your lines, so I won't be hard on them. When you have learned to live, write and tell me so. It will rejoice me so.



Fifty Years Ago.

President Polk in the White House chair, while in Lowell was Doctor Ayer; Both were busy for human weal. One to govern and one to heal. And, as a president's power of will Sometimes depends on a liver-pill, Mr. Polk took Ayer's Pills I trow For his liver, 50 years ago.

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Good News from South Dakota.
 The glorious results of this season's harvest of golden grain will pour a stream of sound money into the pockets of every Dakota farmer. The stock-raising industry in South Dakota is profitable, and Eastern capital is now being invested in cattle and sheep growing in that state. Those desiring full information on the subject, particularly those who wish to seek a new home or purchase land, are requested to correspond with A. J. Taylor, Canadian passenger agent, 2 King Street East, Toronto.

"It is shameful that the States have to legislate about women's trousers," "Why?" "Well, it shows how little influence individual men have with their wives."—Chicago Record.

THE HOUSE ON THE WALL

A TWO-PART STORY
BY STANLEY J. WEYMANAuthor of "Under the Red Robe," "A Gentleman of France," &c.
[Copyright, 1896, by Stanley J. Weyman.]

PART II.

With her secret. But for a time it was not of that or of her vengeance that she thought. Her mind was busy, instead, with the years of solitude and estrangement she had passed in that house and that room; with the depression that, little by little, had sapped her husband's strength and hope; with the slow decay of their goods, their cheerfulness, even the artistic joys that had at first upheld them; with the aloofness that had doomed her and her child to a dreary existence; with this last great wrong—

Yes, let it be! Let it be! She rose on the thought, her face set like stone. In fancy she saw the town lie below her—as she had so often seen it with the actual eye from the ramparts—she saw the clustering mass of warm red roofs and walls, the outlying towers, the church, the one long, straight street; and with outstretched arm she doomed it—doomed it with a perfect sense of the righteousness of the sentence.

Yet, strange to say, that which was uppermost in her mind and steered her soul and justified the worst, was not her daughter's wrong, but the long years of loneliness, the hundred, nay, the thousand petty slights of the past, bearable at the time, and in detail, but intolerable in the retrospect, now hope was gone. She dwelt on these, and the thought of what was coming filled her with a fearful joy. She thought of them and took the lamp and passed into the next room, and throwing the light on the rough face of brickwork that closed the great window, eyed the cracks eagerly and scarcely kept her fingers from beginning the work. For she understood the plot. One man working silently within, in darkness, could demolish the wall in an hour; then a whistle, rope-ladders, a line of men ascending, before midnight the house would vomit armed men, the nearest gate would be seized and the town would lie at the mercy of the enemy.

Presently she had to go to her daughter, but the current of her thoughts kept the same course. The girl was sullen and lay with her face to the wall, and gave short answers, venting her misery in the common human fashion on the one who loved her best. The mother bore it, not, as before, in the patience that scorned even an upbraiding, but grimly, setting down each peevish word to the scorn that was so soon to be paid. She lay all night beside her child, and in the small hours heard her weep and felt the bed shake with her unhappiness; and carried the scorn farther—farther, so that day, and the twittering of sparrows, and the booming of early guns, took her by surprise. Took her by surprise—but worked no change in her thoughts.

She was so completely under the influence of this idea, indeed, that she felt no fear; the chance of discovery, and the certainty in that event of punishment without mercy, did not trouble her in the least. She went about her ordinary tasks until late in the afternoon; then, without preface, told her daughter that she was going out to seek lodging.

The girl was profoundly astonished. "A lodging?" she cried, sitting up. "For us?"

"Yes," the mother answered coldly. "For whom do you think?"

"And you will leave this house?"

"Yes."

"But when?"

"To-night."

"Leave this house—for a lodging—to-night?" the girl faltered. She could not believe her ears. "Why? What has happened?"

Then the woman, in the fierceness of her mood, turned her arms against her child. "Need you ask?" she cried bitterly. "Do you want to go on living in this house—in this house, which is your father's? To go in and out of this door, and meet our kind neighbors, and talk with them on these steps? To wait here—here, where every one knows you—for the man who will never come?"

The girl sank back, shuddering. The woman covered her head and went out. Presently she returned, and in the gray of the evening, which within the walls fell early, the two left the house, the elder carrying a bundle of clothes, the younger whimpering and wondering, and so stupefied by the suddenness of the movement, and the other's stern purpose, that she did not observe that they had left the door on the latch, and the House on the Wall unguarded.

The people with whom they had found a lodging, a little room under the sharply-sloping tiles, knew them by name and sight—that in so small a place was inevitable—but found nothing strange in the woman's reason for moving—that at home the firing broke her daughter's rest. The housewife, indeed, could sympathize.

"I never go to bed myself," she said roundly, "but I dream of those wretches sacking the town, and look to awake with my throat cut."

"Tut-tut!" her husband answered angrily. "You will live to wag your tongue and make mischief a score of years yet. And for the town being sacked, there is small chance of that."

The elder of his new lodgers repeated his words. "Small chance of that," she said mechanically.

The man looked at her inquisitively. "Little or none," he said. "If we have to cry 'enough,' we shall cry it in time, and on terms, you may be sure, and they will march in like gentlemen, and an end of it."

"But if it happened at night?" the woman asked curiously. She felt a strange compulsion to put the question.

The man shrugged his shoulders. "Well; then, of course, things might be different," he said. "But God forbid! God forbid!" he continued hastily, and in a tone that betrayed his thoughts. "And you, wife, get back to your pots and leave this talking!"

The woman from the House on the Wall went upstairs to her room. She did not repent of what she had done, but a feeling of solemnity began to take hold of her; and presently

developed into one of waiting—of waiting and watching for she alone knew what. Given a companion less preoccupied with her own misery, and she must have been suspected. But the girl lay moodily on her bed, and the widow was left at liberty to stand at the window, with her hands spread on the sill, and look and listen, look and listen, unwatched. She could not see the street, for, below the window, the roof ran down steeply a yard or more to the eaves; but she had full command of the opposite houses, and at one of the windows a girl was dressing herself. The woman watched her plait her fair hair, looking sideways the while at a little mirror; and saw her put on a poor necklace, and remove it again, and try a piece of ribbon. Gradually the watcher became interested. From interest she passed to speculation; wondered, with a slight shudder, how this girl would fare between that and morning. And then the girl looked up, and met the woman's eyes with the blue innocence of her own—and the woman fell back from the window as if someone had struck her.

She went no more after that to the window, but until it was quite dark sat in a chair with her hands on her lap, forcing herself, as women will, to quietude, where men would tramp the floor unceasingly. When it was quite dark she trimmed and lit the lamp, and still she did not repent. But she listened more and more closely and with less concealment. And the face of the girl preening herself at her poor mirror returned again and again, and troubled her. She could contemplate the fate of the town as a whole and say: "Let it be." But the one face at the window, the one case brought home to her, clung to her mind, and pricked and pained her strangely.

By and by she heard the clock striking ten, and her daughter, turning feverishly on her bed, asked her if she were going to lie down. "Presently," she answered. "Presently." And still sat and listened, and still the girl's face haunted her. She began to picture more in detail the thing for which she was waiting; she fancied that she heard the first alert, followed by the roar of alarm, and the wild rush of feet; then the crashing volley, the rattle of hoofs on the pavement, the whirl of the flight through the streets, the shouts of "Germany! Germany!" as the troops swept in triumphant! And then—ah, then—she heard the things that would follow, the crashing in of doors, the sudden flaring of flames, the screams of men driven to the wall, the yells of drunken Saxons, the shrieks of tortured women, the—

No more! No more! She could not bear it. With a shudder she stood erect and looked wildly about her. The lamp burned low, her daughter was asleep. With a swift movement the mother caught up a shawl that lay beside her, and twisted it around her head and turned to the door.

Alas, too late. She had repented, but too late. Her hand already on the latch, she stood, arrested by a low, distant cry that caught her ear, and swelled, even as she listened to it, into a roar of many voices rousing the town. What was it? Alas, she knew; she knew, and cowered against the door, white-faced and shaking. A moment, and the alarm, arising from sinking, rose again and now there was no doubt of its meaning. Shod feet clattered through the street, windows were flung up, a wild medley of voices broke out, and again, in a few seconds, were lost in the crashing sound of the very volley she had foreseen!

From that moment it seemed that hell had broken loose in the town and she had loosed it! She could no longer, in the din that came up from the street, distinguish one sound from another, but the crash of distant cannon, the heavy tramp of feet near at hand, the screams and cries and shouting, the blare of trumpets, all rose in a confused babel of sounds that blanched the cheeks and drove the blood to the heart. The woman, cowering against the door, covered her ears and groaned aloud; her horror at what she had done so great that she did not heed what was passing near her, or even give a thought to the child in the same room with her, until the latter's voice struck her ear harshly, and she turned and found her standing in the middle of the floor, her hand to her heart, and her eyes wide. Then the mother awoke in her again; with pallid, shaking lips she cried to her to lie down—to lie down—for there was no danger.

But the girl raised her hand for silence, and bent her head as one listening. "Hush!" she said. "I hear a voice! And it is his! It is his! He is coming to me!"

The mother imagined that terror had turned her brain; it was inconceivable that in that roar of sound a single voice could make itself heard or be recognized. And she tried, in a voice quivering with horror, to repeat her meaningless words of comfort. But they died on her lips—died still-born, as the door flew open, and a man rushed in, stood an instant looking, then caught her child in his arms.

It was the Burgomaster's son!

The woman from the House on the Wall leaned an instant against the door-post, gazing at them. Little by little, as she looked, the expression in her eyes changed, and they took the cold, fixed, distant look of a sleep-walker. A moment, and she drew a shuddering breath

and turned and went out; and, groping in the outside darkness for the balustrade, went down the staircase, and passed unflinching into the street.

A part of the garrison happened to be retreating through the street at the time, a few still turning to fire at intervals, but the greater number hurrying along with bent heads, keeping close to the houses, and intent only on escaping. One of these ran against her as she issued from the doorway and nearly knocked her down; but she recovered herself and, reaching the middle of the roadway, stood there like a rock, her face turned in the direction whence the fugitives were hastening.

And presently she saw what she wanted. In the reek of smoke above the burning gate, toward which she looked—and the flames of which filled the street with a smoky glare—a sudden glitter of steel shone out; and in a moment, rank on rank, a dense column of men appeared, coming shoulder to shoulder. She watched them tramp, nearer and nearer, filling the street from wall to wall, until she could see the glare of their eyes; then, with a cry that was lost in the tumult, she rushed on the bayonets.

With eyes shut, with arms open to receive the thrust. But the man whom she had singled out had dropped his point with an oath, and dealt her a buffet with butt and elbow that flung her aside unhurt, a second did the same to her, and a third, until, banded from one to another, she fell against the wall, breathless and dizzy, but unhurt.

The column swept on, and she rose. She had escaped—by a miracle, as it seemed to her; but despair still held her, and the roar of a mine exploding not far off, the stunning report of which was followed by heart-rending wails, drove her again on her fate. Nor had she far to look for death that night. Hard on the foot, followed a troop of dragoons. The horses, excited by the fire and the explosion, were plunging in every direction; and even as the crazed woman's eyes alighted on them, one fell and threw its rider. It seemed to her then that she saw her doom; and, darting from the wall, she flung herself down before them.

What was one woman on such a night, in such a riot as held the captured town? The torrent of iron, remorseless, unchecked, thundered over her and tore along the street. It seemed impossible that she should escape. Yet, when some came to look to the fallen soldier, whose neck was broken—the woman beside him rose unhurt, and without a scratch, and staggered to the wall. There she leaned a moment to recover her breath and shake off her giddiness and a second to think; and then, with a strange, new expression on her face, an expression between hope and fear, she took her way weakly along the street. The first turning on the right, the second on the left, brought her unmolested—the enemy were quelling the last resistance in the square—to the front of the House on the Wall. She looked up eagerly and saw that the windows were dark; looked at the door, and by the light of the distant conflagration saw that it remained closed.

Still, she scarcely dared to hope that that was true, which her miraculous escape had suggested to a mind almost unshaped; she scarcely dared to hope, and it took her more than a minute to mount the steps and push the heavy door open, and, peering in fearfully, satisfied herself that in the outer room, at least, all was as she had left it. A spark of fire still glowed on the hearth; she groped her way to it and blew it into a flame, and, with shaking hands, lit a spill of wood and waved it above her head, then held it.

Yes, all was as she had left it here. But the farther room—the room? What of that? She stared at the door and dared not open it; then flew at it and tore it open feverishly and stood on the threshold.

Yes, and here! Here, too, all was as she had left it. She waved the little brand above her head, heedless of the sparks, waved it until it flamed high and cast a light into every corner. But the woman's eyes sought only one thing, and that was the mask of brickwork that blocked the great window.

It was untouched! It was untouched! She had expected as much—for the last five minutes everything, the closed door, the unchanged room had pointed to it. Yet, now that she was assured of it, and knew for certain that she had not done the thing—that, guilty as she had been in intention, not one life lost that night lay at her door, not one outrage, she fell on her face and wept, though it was the sweetest moment of her life; prayed, though she sought nothing but to thank God—prayed and wept with childish cries of gratitude, until the light at her side went out and left her in darkness, and through a rift in the rough masonry a single star peered in at her.

In Hyemondre there was waiting enough that night: ruin and loss, and a broadcasting of lifelong sentences of penury. And many prayed, and a few when morning came, gave thanks. But to this woman, prostrate on the floor of the lonely House on the Wall, all that night was one long, prayerful sittingside. For she had passed through the fire, the smell of the singeing was on her garments, and yet she was saved.

THE END.

No Gentleman.

"We have met the enemy and they are ours," is the historic saying of an American naval commander, but the following anecdote from the Florida *Sun* shows that it is possible to meet the enemy and not know whose we are:

At the second battle of Bull Run a Michigan regiment, in making a change of position, came upon a Confederate soldier sitting astride of a Federal, who was lying on his back. Each had a firm hold of the other, and neither could break the hold. As the troops came up,

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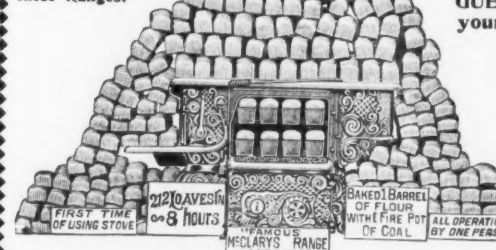
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the "reb" was taken in, and as the "Yank" rose to his feet he was asked how he got into such a fix.

"Why, I captured the Johnny," he replied.

"Then how did he come to be on top?"

"That's what makes me so mad!" shouted the bluecoat. "He captured me the same time I did him, and then he wouldn't toss up to see who had the bulge! He's no gentleman—no, sir, he ain't!"

No Building Big Enough.

Probably the two women whose names we are about to mention (by their good will and consent) never saw or even heard of each other. A broad bit of sea-water rolls between the places where they severally live. Still, the world is getting smaller every day, and it is quite possible they may meet; if they do, they will have a common subject for a talk. Without waiting for that, however, we will let the reader into the secret (so far as it is a secret) right on the spot.

The first lady to be named resides at Bishop's Norton, near Kirtou, Lindsey, Lincolnshire, and in a letter dated the 16th of the blustering month of March, 1893, she says, "I trembled from head to foot."

This would scarcely be worth mentioning if it had been simply the result of a fright and therefore bound to pass off in a few minutes. But it lasted for a long time and did not arise from a fright or from any other form of excitement. It meant sheer weakness and a wholesale upsetting of the nerves. "I was constantly sick and dizzy," she says, "and had a dull pain between the shoulders. I had no appetite, and the effect of what little I did eat was so bad and gave me so much distress that after a time I hardly dared to eat any food or drink. During this period I may just mention that I was terribly constipated, intervals of ten days sometimes elapsing between the actions of the bowels. No laxatives or enemata availed to relieve this condition, and I became more feeble and prostrate day by day. My illness began in August, 1892, and after four months' suffering I was completely cured in December by your remedy. Indeed it was not necessary for me to take quite one bottle. If any one who reads this little statement of mine wishes to know

more about my case, I will gladly answer inquiries. (Signed) Mrs. M. G. Walsham."

The second lady writes from her home, No. 12 Horgan's Buildings, College road, Cork, dating her letter the 27th of the sunny month of June, 1893. She says: "Everything was a trouble and a burden. For nights together I got no sleep. I couldn't bear the noise of the children. I had no desire for company; I wanted to be alone in my misery. I often thought I was going to die. I was in this way for nearly twelve months."

Now this was bad; very, very bad. When a woman cannot bear the noise of her own children—which of all noises is least observed by a mother's ear—why, her nerves are, as we might say, all gone to pieces. And, inasmuch as the nerves are only a part of the body, it follows that the whole system is badly out of order. And so it was. "The complaint," she says, "came on in October, 1891. It was marked by failure of the appetite, pain and weight in the chest after eating, a sinking feeling at the pit of the stomach, biliousness, flatulency, and other signs with which the readers of these articles are so sadly familiar."

Of the progress of the malady and how low it reduced her she has already spoken. The end of it all—a happy end, thank Mercy—was like this. "In September, 1891," she adds, "my husband persuaded me to try a medicine he had heard and read so much about. I did so, and soon found relief—a relief that none of the other medicines I had used were able to give me. My lost appetite came back, and my food digested easily and strengthened me. You hardly need be told that I continued taking the medicine, and soon I was well as ever I was in my life and have ailed nothing since. Yours truly, (Signed) Mrs. Lucy Carroll."

Women, like men, never agree on all the topics which come up in conversation. It would be a dull world if they did. But these two will agree that they were afflicted with the same complaint—indigestion and dyspepsia; and that Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, which restored them both to health, is one of the very best friends in time of trouble that their sex ever had.

And what is more, if all the women in this kingdom who think the same were collected in one meeting, no building could be found big enough to accommodate them.



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Music.

A Whitby correspondent of the *Mail and Empire*, in referring to the formation of a new choral society in that town, makes the following statement: "A constitution drawn up by the committee on wholly original lines, it having proved impossible to find such an instrument in existence amongst musical organizations of Toronto and elsewhere, will be submitted for adoption by the society." This assertion, I may point out, is not exactly correct. It will be found upon investigation that at least one of the Toronto societies possesses an excellently framed constitution. It may be said here, however, that in the formation of such a society the constitution governing its operations cannot be too simple. A complex system of by-laws will not in itself prove of much service. The work of the society must be made both interesting and instructive, and the attention of the members maintained by other means than a cast-iron code of rules and regulations, however necessary it may be to insist upon certain fundamental principles as regards the duties of membership in matters of attendance at rehearsal, general discipline, etc. The best compliment which can be paid any society is that it does not require any elaborate or splendidly conceived constitution in order to successfully conduct its work. The constitution, however brilliant and original it may be, will not, after all, play much of a role at the public concerts, and the permanent success of any organization may safely be said to be dependent almost entirely upon the artistic character of its work on the occasions of its public appearances.

There are at present several orchestral schemes floating through the air which, if one may judge by the sanguineous and enthusiasm of their respective promoters, appear destined to revolutionize matters musical in this city in a manner both effective and startling. A local daily contained an announcement several days ago that Mr. Torrington was once more to try his hand at the formation of a "permanent" orchestra. Following this comes another announcement to the effect that a symphony orchestra is being organized, with Mr. J. Humfrey Anger as conductor. I am informed that this venture is to be conducted upon a "broader basis" than has been attempted hitherto, and that the public "is not to be annoyed by being pestered for subscriptions." A meeting of those interested is to be held to-night for the purpose of perfecting arrangements. I am also requested to state that all competent orchestral players are invited to apply to Mr. Anger for particulars. In this connection it may be said that with two symphony orchestras in full blast here, we will have gone Boston and Chicago one better. Up to date these two cities have been able to maintain only one each.

The Mendelssohn Choir committee have been so fortunate as to secure for their assisting artists at their approaching concert, Miss Aus der Ohe, the splendid pianist, whose triumph in this city at the Nordica concert in June of last year will be remembered by all who were then present; and Miss Verlet, the celebrated French soprano from the Opera Comique, Paris, who has been singing with phenomenal success during the past few weeks in the leading American cities. The chorus of the society has never equalled the fine body of singers constituting the choir this year. It is confidently expected that the concert to be given on January 28 next will be the most successful, artistically and financially, in the history of the society. Subscription lists are now in the hands of the committee, and as subscribers have first choice of seats all who desire good sittings are advised to subscribe in advance. The large number of subscriptions already volunteered, including many from various towns and cities of the province, indicates an overflowing house. A full list of the selections to be rendered by the society will appear in next week's issue.

The first quarterly of the Conservatory of Music for the present season attracted, as is usual on occasions of these interesting events, a large and cultured audience. The programme was an attractive one, and the manner in which it was carried out proved beyond doubt the admirable arrangements of the Conservatory in all the departments of its work represented at the concert. Following are the names of the pupils who participated: Piano—Misses May Kirkpatrick, Franziska Heinrich and Mr. Edmund Hardy; organ—Misses Edith Miller and Jessie C. Perry; vocal—Misses Ethel Rice, Louise C. Tandy, Maud Lane, E. Maudie Whitney, Teresa Tynon, Alice McCarron, Lizzie Brown, Alicia E. Hobson, Mima Lund and Mr. George S. Forsyth; violin—Miss Annie McAlpine and Mr. Harold Bayley; elocution—Miss Ida Wingfield, Miss May Walker and Mrs. Reta Ross, A.T.C.M. Besides the above, two string quartettes were contributed by pupils of Mrs. Drechsler Adamson, the following taking part: Misses Louie Fulton, Eva Stonier, Elsie Adamson and Mr. Frank Blachford.

The two most promising European violinists, of the younger school of players, appear to be Petschnikoff and Burnmeister. These two artists have for several seasons been running a neck-and-neck race for renown. According to most recent criticisms of their appearances in Berlin, the latter now seems destined to take a decided lead. His extraordinary virtuosity has been turning people's heads in the German capital. One critic declares that "Burnmeister is the only violinist now before the public who is both a great artist and a great virtuoso. He can satisfy the most exacting musicians in a Spohradagio or in the Bach air, and he can make the crowd wild with enthusiasm with his Paganini playing. He is equally great in both. This is an ideal combination, for it comes up to the requirements of the critics and of the box office. Burnmeister ought to make an American tour; owing to his ability to please all classes he would unquestionably have a success there such as no instrumentalist, save Paderewski, ever yet had."

The *Welland Tribune* of December 4 refers to the singing of Miss Marie Wheeler at a recent concert in that town in the following terms: "Miss Wheeler, of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, was the vocalist of the evening. She

gave two pieces—Beauty's Eyes and The Kerry Dance, besides the responses to the inevitable encores. It is no flattery to say that Miss Wheeler is one of the most gifted vocalists that ever charmed a Welland audience. She possesses a rich, strong, highly-cultured soprano voice, wholly free from the too common fault of modern vocalism—indistinct enunciation. Suffice to say, she won the hearts of all her hearers, and should she ever appear here again she will be most warmly welcomed." Miss Wheeler is a pupil of Mr. Rechab Tandy, the well known vocal instructor of the Conservatory staff.

An American writer pays his compliments to a certain type of gospel hymns in the following choice terms: "Bad music, bad verse, bad morals are all equally reprehensible. There is no immoral art, only bad art. The music sung in some of the temples of worship in this broad land is a disgrace to God, to art, to the nation. Abolish, say we, stamp out such pernicious stuff. If the house of God is to have all the bad music, is it any wonder that Herr Satan grimly chuckles at the opera? Don't let the devil have all the good tunes, ministers of the gospel! Pitch into the waste-basket the silly, whining rubbish that is howled, yowled, gasped and gurgled by many pious but ignorant and uncultured persons." Shades of Hold the Fort and Pull for the Shore, what next?

Mr. Albert Nordheimer, who attended the recent funeral of the late William Steinway at New York, describes the services as impressive beyond description. Never, perhaps, has there assembled a more notable gathering of the musical interests of this continent than on this occasion. The solemn and eloquent funeral orations, the impressive music rendered by leading vocalists of New York City and the Metropolitan Opera House Company, as well as choruses by the German singing societies of which Mr. Steinway was president, produced an impression upon the vast gathering present, the memory of which will not soon be effaced.

A short organ recital will be given at St. Simon's church to-morrow after evening by the organist of the church, Mr. J. W. F. Harrison, assisted by Master Willie Wilson, the popular boy vocalist, and Mr. Allan Fairweather, tenor. Following is the programme to be rendered: Organ—Postlude, Allegro Appassionato, Adagio con molto espressivo, from Guilman's 5th Sonata; song—O Rest in the Lord, from Mendelssohn's Elijah, Master Willie Wilson; organ—Mennetto Scherzoso, J. Humfrey Anger; song—There is a Land of Pure Delight, by Serenus, Allan Fairweather; organ, March, Dubois.

The many friends of Miss Edith J. Miller will receive with much pleasure the announcement that she expects to sojourn in Toronto for the coming winter. As may be seen by her card in our advertising columns, Miss Miller, who last year studied under Madame Marchesi, Paris, and Alberto Randegger, London, will accept, while in the city, concert, oratorio and church engagements, and no doubt will accept the position of contralto soloist in a church during her short stay in the city. For the present all communications with this talented lady may be addressed to the Toronto Conservatory of Music.

Mr. W. E. Fairclough's organ recital on Saturday afternoon last proved one of the best given by this excellent performer this season. The programme contained several numbers of special interest, and the admirable manner in which they were interpreted furnished additional proof of the many artistic qualifications which have always been noticeable in Mr. Fairclough's work. The next recital of the series will be given on Saturday afternoon, January 2.

Mr. F. L. Ratcliffe of the Jarvis street Baptist church choir has been appointed choirmaster of College street Baptist church, with Miss Emma Wells, A.T.C.M., pupil of Mr. A. S. Vogt, as organist. Mr. Ratcliffe is the third member of the Jarvis street choir to secure, within a short period, a professional engagement as choirmaster.

Mons. Mercier sang at the Thanksgiving Day concert given in the Dominion Methodist church, Ottawa, and met with a pronounced success. The *Ottawa Journal* says of Mons. Mercier: "There seems to be no limit to the range of his voice. Its range, flexibility and clearness combined to make his singing very attractive."

There will be a special rehearsal of basses and tenors of the Mendelssohn Choir to-night at the Guild Hall. A full attendance is expected.

Signor d'Auria of Winnipeg, formerly of Toronto, is removing to Minneapolis.

Owing to unusual pressure on this column this week a number of items of interest are unavoidably crowded out. MODERATO.

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Social and Personal.

Mr. A. F. Webster, passenger agent for the Dominion and Cunard steamship lines, books the following Torontonians to sail this morning for Europe: Mr. J. E. Haworth, Miss Penning, Mr. E. H. Bickford, Mr. Harold Bickford, Rev. F. A. and Mrs. Steven, Mrs. Blackburn, Mrs. James Scott, Mr. H. G. Edwards, Mr. Robert Wade, Mr. Fred Eskilson, Mr. D. T. Smith, Mrs. Whitehead, Mr. William Stafford, Mr. Alfred Jeavons, Mr. E. Appleton, Mr. Henry Thompson, Mr. Albert Sherbrooke, Mr. Albert Cannon, Mr. Stephen C. Smith, Mr. Charles Thomas Morley, Mr. Robert Lillie, Mr. Charles Bell and Mr. George England.

Professor and Mrs. Clark gave a dinner party last Saturday. Among those present were: Prof. and Mrs. Fletcher, Mrs. Gilbert Griffin, Mr. Scott Griffin, Prof. and Mrs. Mavor, and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Beatty.

An unpardonable shortcoming which drives newcomers to distraction is the carelessness of people who should know better in the matter of visiting-cards. Several times this week have I heard young matrons bewail the discovery of cards inscribed Mrs. or Miss So and So, without address, reception day, or other guidance. Of course such carelessness is not noticed among people whose calls and engagements are numerous, but it is sufficiently annoying even when indulged in by the inquisitive nobodies who rush to call upon brides and newcomers, and whose knowledge of the conventionalities as regards cards stands in need of further culture. Every lady should be scrupulously careful to have both her address and At Home days upon her cards, otherwise she need not be surprised if strangers don't return her calls, even that first one, to which a return is obligatory.

Classes in French.

Prof. E. Masson is forming at his residence, 67 Grosvenor street, a class for conversation in French, composed of young people from 10 to 14 or 15 years of age. The parents anxious to have their children get from the start a sound foundation in that language and the right accent, are kindly requested to send in their application before Christmas. Lessons after school hours.

A grand treat is in store for Canadians this winter, according to Ridley's Wine and Spirit Journal of London, Eng. Messrs. Warre & Co. of Oporto, Portugal, have shipped to Canada fifteen hundred cases of their Convido port wine, through their agent, H. Corby. This brand is well known throughout England as the wine Her Majesty is supplied with; also His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. It is the only bottled wine sold in the world that is bottled at the vineyard. The firm of Warre & Co. was established in 1700, and their high standing among wine merchants is due to their shipping only the best quality of goods. Convido is sold only in bottles and has never been shipped in casks.

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1,100 YARDS OF RICH COLORED BROCADE, PURE SILKS, in small and large designs and almost every color, worth \$1 to \$1.25, while they last... .50
5,000 YARDS OF THE RICHEST DRESS AND BLOUSE SILKS ever seen in Toronto for the price, in Fancy Stripes and Figures, evening and dark shades, our own regular \$1.50 Silks, while they last... .75
50 PIECES OF 21-INCH BLACK INDIA PURE SILK, worth 35c per yard, all next week... .20

At 10 o'clock Monday Morning

20 PIECES OF ALL SILK BLACK SURAH, good quality, worth 50c, all next week... .35
10 PIECES OF 23-INCH BLACK GROS GRAIN PURE SILK, regular 75c, all next week... .45
YOUR CHOICE OF THE FOLLOWING BLACK DRESS SILKS—all pure silk—Peau de Soie, Heavy Merveilleux, Gros Grain, Royal Armure, or 25-inch Duchesse Satin, worth up to \$1.00 per yard, all next week... .50
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N. Y. Truth.

SUPPOSE that in the opening pages of the modern melodramatic novel you find some such situation as the following, in which is depicted the terrific combat between Gaspard de Vaux, the boy lieutenant, and Hairy Hank, the chief of the Italian banditti:

"The inequality of the contest was apparent. With a mingled yell of rage and contempt, his sword brandished above his head and his dirk between his teeth, the enormous bandit rushed upon his intrepid opponent. De Vaux seemed scarce more than a stripling, but he stood his ground and faced his hitherto invincible assailant. 'Mong Dieu!' cried De Smythe, 'he is lost!'"

Question—On which of the parties to the above contest do you honestly feel inclined to put your money?

Answer—On De Vaux. He'll win. Hairy Hank will force him down to one knee and with a brutal cry of "Har! har!" will be about to dirk him, when De Vaux will make a sudden lunge (one he had learnt at home out of a book of lunges) and—

Very good. You have answered correctly. Now, suppose you find, a little later in the book, that the killing of Hairy Hank has compelled De Vaux to flee from his native land to the East. Are you not fearful for his safety in the desert?

Answer—Frankly, I am not. De Vaux is all right. His name is on the title page and you can't kill him.

Question—Listen to this, then: "The sun of Ethiopia beat fiercely upon the desert as De Vaux, mounted upon his faithful elephant, pursued his lonely way. Seated in his lofty hoo-doo, his eye scanned the waste. Suddenly a solitary horseman appeared on the horizon; then another, and another, and then six. In a few moments a whole crowd of solitary horsemen swooped down upon him. There was a fierce shout of 'Allah!' and a rattle of firearms. De Vaux sank from his hoo-doo onto the sands, while the affrighted elephant dashed off in all directions. The bullet had struck him in the heart."

There now, what do you think of that? Isn't De Vaux killed now?

Answer—I am sorry. De Vaux is not dead. True, the bullet had hit him, oh yes, it had hit him, but it had glanced off against a family Bible, which he carried in his waistcoat in case of illness, struck some hymns that he had in his hip pocket, and, glancing off again, had flattened itself against De Vaux's diary of his life in the desert, which was in his knapsack.

Question—But even if this doesn't kill him, you must admit that he is near death when he is bitten in the jungle by the deadly dongola?

Answer—That's all right. A kindly Arab will take De Vaux to the Sheikh's tent.

Question—What will De Vaux remind the Sheikh of?

Answer—Too easy. Of his long-lost son, who disappeared years ago.

Question—Was this son Hairy Hank?

Answer—Of course he was. Anyone could see that, but the Sheikh never suspects it, and heals De Vaux. He heals him with an herb, a thing called a simple, an amazingly simple, known only to the Sheikh. Since using this herb, the Sheikh has used no other.

Question—The Sheikh will recognize an overcoat that De Vaux is wearing, and complications will arise in the matter of Hairy Hank deceased. Will this result in the death of the boy lieutenant?

Answer—No. By this time De Vaux has realized that the reader knows he won't die, and resolves to quit the desert. The thought of his mother keeps recurring to him, and of his father, too, the gray, stooping old man—does he stoop still or has he stopped stooping? At times, too, there comes the thought of another, a fairer than his father; she whose—but enough, De Vaux returns to the old home—stead in Piccadilly.

Question—When De Vaux returns to England, what will happen?

Answer—This will happen: "He who left England ten years before, a raw boy, has returned a sunburnt, soldierly man. But who is this that advances smilingly to meet him? Can the mere girl, the bright child that shared his hours of play, can she have grown into this peerless, graceful girl, at whose feet half the noble suitors of England are kneeling? 'Can this be her?' he asks himself in amazement."

Question—Is it her?

Answer—Oh, it's her all right. It is her, and it is him, and it is them. That girl hasn't waited fifty pages for nothing.

Question—You evidently guess that a love affair will ensue between the boy lieutenant and the peerless girl with the broad feet. Do you imagine, however, that its course will run smoothly and leave nothing to record?

Answer—Not at all. I feel certain that the scene of the novel having edged itself around to London, the writer will not feel satisfied unless he introduces the following famous scene:

"Stunned by the cruel revelation which he had received, unconscious of whether his steps were taking him, Gaspard de Vaux wandered on in the darkness from street to street until he found himself upon London Bridge. He leaned over the parapet and looked down upon the whirling stream below. There was something in the still, swift rush of it that seemed to beckon, to allure him. After all, why not? What was life now that he should prize it? For a moment De Vaux paused irresolute."

Question—Will he throw himself in?

Answer—Well, say, you don't know Gaspard. He will pause irresolute up to the limit, then, with a fierce struggle, will recall his courage and hasten from the bridge.

Question—This struggle not to throw oneself in must be dreadfully difficult?

Answer—Oh! dreadfully! Most of us are so frail we should jump in at once. But Gaspard has the knack of it. Besides he still has some of the Sheikh's herb; he chews it.

Question—What has happened to De Vaux anyway? Is it anything he has eaten?

Answer—No, it is nothing that he has eaten. It's about her. The blow has come. She has no use for sunburn, doesn't care for tan; she is going to marry a duke and the boy lieutenant is no longer in it. The real trouble is that the modern novelist has got beyond the happy-

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marriage mode of ending. He wants tragedy

and a blighted life to wind up with.

Question—How will the book conclude?

Answer—Oh, De Vaux will go back to the desert, fall upon the Sheikh's neck and swear to be a second Hairy Hank to him. There will be a final panorama of the desert, the Sheikh and his newly found son at the door of the tent, the herb blooming around them and troops of solitary horsemen scouring the drifting sand. And there may be a final hint from the Sheikh to show that a sequel might possibly be extracted from the author.

STEPHEN LEACOCK.

A Loyal Clansman.

Alex. Rickotts in N. Y. Truth.

The MacLean was being examined by his pastor prior to his being admitted to the kirk. It should be noticed here that the MacLean held one Article of Belief, not insisted upon dogmatically by any theologian, the MacLean excepted, and this was that his clan was the most ancient in Scotland, and, consequently, in the world. By and by, they plunged into the Deluge.

"In the self-same day entered Noah, and Shem, and Ham, and Japheth, the sons of Noah, and Noah's wife, and the three wives of his sons with them, into the ark," quoted the minister.

"And all flesh died—"

"Na," interrupted the MacLean positively, "there was ane ither na dround."

"The record is explicit, Mr. MacLean," argued the minister stiffly. "No one was saved but those who went into the ark."

"There was ane ither," reassured the Mac-

Lean imperturbably.

"What do you mean, MacLean?" demanded the minister explosively. "Whom do you mean?"

"I dinna richtly ken his given name," explained the MacLean cautiously, "but yon mon was a MacLean."

"Tut, tut, man," expostulated the minister. "You very well know that no MacLean went into the ark; so, granting that a MacLean existed, how could he have been saved?"

"Hoot, mon, minister," retorted the MacLean disdainfully, "did ye iver ken a MacLean who didna own his ane boat?"

A Little Mixed.

Tit-Bits.

A certain East-end man is growing more and more deaf and greatly dislikes to admit it. He makes a brave pretense of understanding what is said to him, and this frequently entails amusing mistakes.

Not long ago a neighbor met him and said: "Perhaps you haven't heard about the agreeable visitor that arrived at our house yesterday—a fine baby boy—a perfect cherub?"

The deaf man smiled pleasantly and replied: "Oh, we have lots of 'em at our house. My wife gets them by the bushel. Stews 'em, you know, and puts 'em up. She put up more than forty cans this summer. Yes, indeed."

"Why," said the bewildered neighbor, "what do you think I said?"

"Yes, she likes the red kind best," continued the afflicted citizen. "Says they ain't so tough. Is yours the black sort?"

"Sir!" cried the indignant neighbor. "What are you talking about?"

The deaf man heard this.

"Why, cherries, of course," he pleasantly remarked. "That's what you said, isn't it?"

But the neighbor walked away without explaining.

Archbishop Benson's Dog.

An amusing story of the late Archbishop Benson was told by Bishop Bardsley the other day. His Grace had a dog called "Watch," and the animal invariably accompanied its master to chapel when at Lambeth, but remained at the door until the service was over. Bishop Bardsley, who knew the dog, a dark collier, as well as he knew the Archbishop, says that on one occasion the Archbishop and his dog went as usual to the chapel, and the dog waited outside the door. The Archbishop was reading the lesson from St. John, which commences with the words, "I say unto thee, watch," when the dog, hearing its name, rose up from the door, and walked solemnly up to its master's stall.

"Les Immortels."

When Gen. U. S. Grant was a cadet, at West Point, he had an old French professor who had very peculiar notions. He had a great respect for Emperor Napoleon, and in honor of him, he called one of his French classes after his famous guard "Les Immortels," but this class, of which Gen. Grant was a member, was the stupidest and worst in French in the academy. One of the officers asked the professor why he should call a stupid class with such an honored title as "Les Immortels." "Well," the pro-

fessor said, with a shrug of his shoulders, "you can very well see for yourself that they are 'laz-y mor-tels.'"

He Fetched Him.

It is told of Van Amburgh, the great lion-tamer, that on one occasion, while in a bar-room, he was asked how he gained his wonderful power over animals.

"It is by keeping my eye steadily on theirs. I'll give you an instance of the power of my eye." Pointing to a loutish fellow who was sitting near by, he said, "You see that fellow? He's a regular clown. I'll make him come across the room to me, and I won't say a word to him."

Sitting down, he fixed his keen, steady eye on the man. Presently the fellow straightened himself, got up, and came slowly across to the lion-tamer. When he was close enough he drew back his arm and struck Van Amburgh a tremendous blow under the chin, knocking him clean over the chair, with the remark, "You'll stare at me like that again, won't you?"

She—A motor car is a distinct disadvantage. He—How's that? She—There's nothing to hit when you're angry.—Pick-Me-Up.

Puffy—Just saved a man's life. Guffy—How was that? Puffy—Met a fellow on the street. Said he'd blow my brains out if I didn't give him my watch. Gave him the watch.

Bixby (very near-sighted)—Who's that dumpy fellow coming up the road on the wheel? Stinchcomb—That's my wife. Bixby—No, no, I don't mean that one. I mean the grand guy with the Bologna bloomers. Stinchcomb—That's your wife.

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ART
PROFE



Mr. C. M. Manly has removed to a new studio and may now be found in Room 4, Court Chambers, corner of Adelaide and Church streets. We notice Mr. Manly's picturesque little canvas, Hampshire Cottage, which was on view at the Art Students' League exhibit, has been sold.

The private view that Mr. F. McGillivray Knowles had intended giving in his studios has been deferred until after Christmas on account of a number of portraits the artist has had on hand. That of Mrs. T. Eaton left the studio this week, and two others will probably be finished before Christmas, of which we hope to speak later.

To judge by the attendance, the interest in the pictures at the Matthews Art Gallery is steadily on the increase and must necessarily reach its culmination to-day, the last day this exhibit will be open. It was a happy inspiration to hang the huge Japanese umbrella so as to shelter the eye from the light while giving the pictures the full benefit. It is not often a collection, so choice as well as varied, is to be seen here. Each artist seems to have reached the high standard set for himself or herself—possibly not the ideal in any case, but equal to the best yet produced. Nothing could convey the idea of atmosphere better than Mr. Reid's crisp little out-of-door sketches, two especially with figures; or be more satisfactory than Mrs. Reid's handling of her subject in the interior, or the flower pieces; or better adapted to awaken one to the beauty of this earth of ours than Mr. O'Brien's interpretations of nature.

The Art Students' League of Hamilton held an exhibition of work last week, a most interesting feature of which was a collection of over twenty originals, loaned by Messrs. Harper & Bros., New York, by well known American illustrators—Frederic Remington, W. T. Smedley, Albert Sterner, T. de Thurstup, Howard Pyle, E. W. Kemble and others. To those working along this line, the study of these originals is invaluable.

Last Saturday afternoon Mrs. Dignam's studio, 275 St. George street, was thronged with visitors, the attraction being "some Dutch pictures." These, as may be supposed, are some of the results of Mrs. Dignam's stay in Holland, and among the most important are: The Grootekerke, from the canal at sunset; Washing Day at Dordrecht, On the Maas, several views at Katwijk, and studies of windmills under various conditions. These, with others by the same artist, will be on view at the Roberts Art Gallery on and after December 15, when I hope to have something further about them.

"The succession of Mr. J. E. Poynter" says the *Art Amateur*, "to the presidency of the English Royal Academy is virtually in the direct line from Lord Leighton, whom in more than one respect he much resembles; for poor Sir John Millais was never able, except in the most formal way, to perform the duties of

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F. MCGILLIVRAY KNOWLES Pupil of Hubert Herkomer, R.A., and Benjamin Constant, Paris. Portraiture. Studio, 141 Yonge St. Students' painting class commences Sept 15.

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MISS H. M. PROCTOR Will give a CERAMIC EXHIBITION Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 14 and 15 from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m., at 19 McGill Street.

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the position to which he was elected only just before he was struck down by his fatal illness. The art of Mr. Poynter, like that of Lord Leighton, is rather that of the 'academic' sort. He is an excellent draughtsman, happy in



Sir J. E. Poynter.
From Pick-Me-Up.

composition, and with a nice feeling for decorative effect, but he hardly has the gift of color, and he seems to work without inspiration. His best known work is founded on such historical themes as Ismel in Egypt, A Visit to Esculapius, and Diadumene. It is not unlike that of Alma-Tadema, and he has lately selected classical subjects of much the same order as those made popular by that pains-

taking Hollander. But he is above all a cultivated man of the world and a business man. His knowledge of pictures is extensive, as, of course, it must be, to qualify him as a Director of the English National Gallery, to which position he succeeded Sir Frederic Burton in 1894, and he admirably fills it."

Mr. Sherwood's latest pictures possess some fine points of merit, and will be, when exhibited, very popular. The larger of the two, though, by the way, they are both on a small scale, is a very effective little painting and represents an old gentleman seated in the library; over his face falls a clear stream of light, and as he turns his face towards the source of light the effect of retrospection upon the face is admirably expressed. On a table in front of him are a number of letters, in his right hand he holds a paper, and in his left hand he carelessly toys with a pince-nez. The other picture, entitled The Huguenot, represents an elderly white-bearded sire with a mantle drawn closely about his form and wearing an expression of sorrow.

LYNN C. DOYLE.

Too Much Reform. Chicago Post.

It is her opinion at the present time that no reform movement is fully equipped unless it has brakes on it.

"You see," she said, "I tried to reform George."

"Of course," said the engaged girl; "that's what you married him for, wasn't it?"

"Well, not entirely," answered the young married woman, hesitatingly.

"And, of course, you didn't succeed," put in the older married woman, who had some experience in that line herself.

"But that's just the trouble," replied the

young married woman. "I did—at least, I got him started, and now there's no stopping him. You see, I got him to stop drinking first. He didn't drink much, anyway, but I got him to stop it entirely, and for a few weeks he was cross and irritable. But he got over that, and I was so pleased with my success that I undertook to get him to stop smoking. He said he felt so much better since he stopped drinking that he was beginning to believe there was a good deal of benefit to be derived from abstinence, and he stopped smoking. It was three months before he was in a fit condition to inhabit the same house with a human being, and two or three times I begged him, for heaven's sake, to go to smoking again, but he wouldn't."

"You ought to be gratified to think that you have so much influence with him," said the engaged girl.

"It must be very gratifying to have a husband who neither smokes nor drinks," said the older married woman. "There are not very many of them."

"It's a good thing," returned the young married woman bitterly.

"Good thing!" exclaimed both the others.

"Yes, a good thing," repeated the young married woman with emphasis. "A reform movement that you can't stop when you want to is one of the most annoying and disagreeable things that it is possible to have around the house. My husband thinks he feels so much better that he has become a crank. He doesn't believe in pepper or condiments of any description any more, and has instructed me to dispense with them entirely in the house."

"Outrageous!"

"He considers coffee injurious and won't have it on the table, and he insists that candy will drive any woman to an early grave."

"Preposterous!"

"Isn't it? But there doesn't seem to be any help for it. He says that now he's started he's going to reform that household from top to bottom."

"That's the way with men, my dear. You marry one to reform him, and he thinks you have married him to be reformed," and the older married woman looked very wise, while the engaged girl looked in the direction of a box of bonbons on the table and began to think that possibly she would better not try to reform Harry at all.

About the Bagpipes.

J. Ashby Sterry in the Graphic.

It is with considerable alarm I hear that the bagpipes are likely to become the fashionable musical instrument; that there is likely to be a craze for them just as there was at one time for the banjo and skirt dancing. I am rather interested in this movement, as I once wrote a song for bagpipes which I called Skreeliesporran, and there may be some chance now of its being produced with the proper accompaniment. If I mistake not it ran somewhat in this wise:

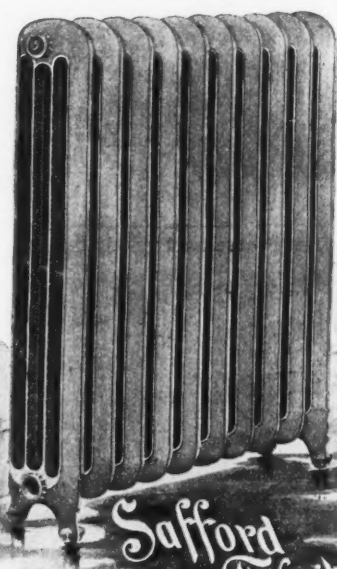
Haggis broo is bla' and braw,
Kittle kail is a' awa';
Gin a lassie kens fu' weel
Ilka pawkie rattlin' reel,
Parrich glowry i' the ee,
Mutchkin for a wee drappie;
Feckfu' is the barley-bree—
Unco' gude! Ah! wae is me!

Hey the laddie! Ho the plaidie!
Hey the souse Finnie huddle!
Hout awa'!

This is only one verse out of about forty, but I daresay you will find it is quite enough. You will probably say it is nonsense—that is because you do not understand Scotch, besides when the bagpipes are being played you cannot hear anything else, so the words are of secondary importance.

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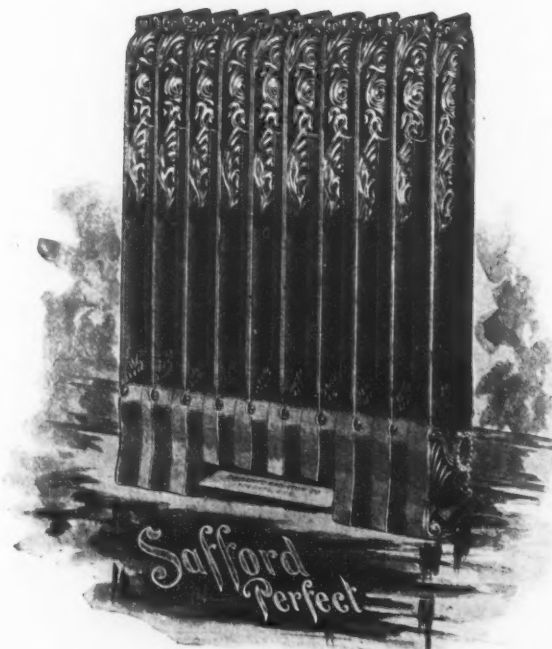
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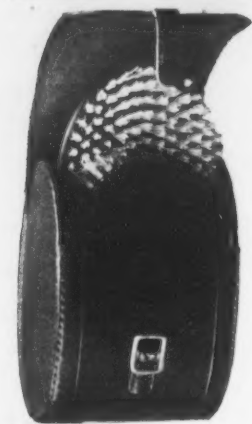
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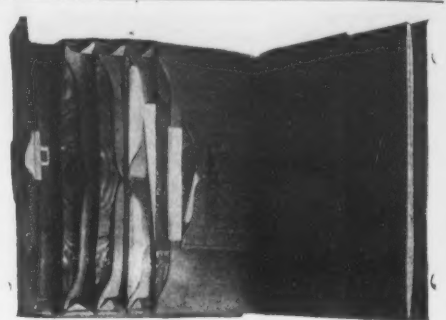


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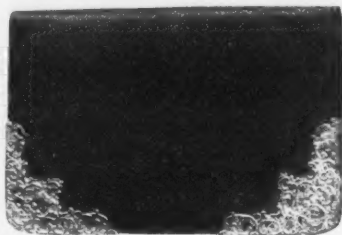
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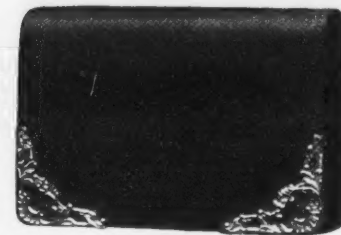
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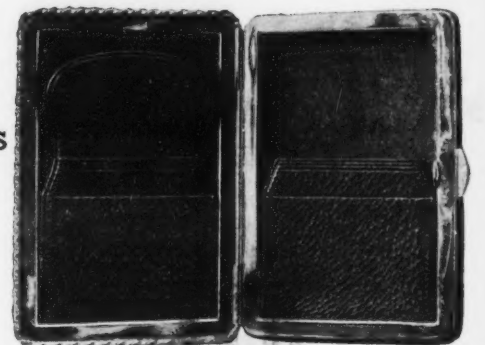
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EDMONDS—Dec. 1, Mrs. W. L. Edmonds—twin daughters.
JORY—Dec. 1, Mrs. J. M. Jory—twin sons.
PATTESON—Dec. 5, Mrs. Godfrey B. Patteson—a son.

Marriages.
BASTEDO—CAMPBELL—Dec. 3, B. A. A. G. Bastedo to Louise Campbell.
MCBRIDE—HAY—Dec. 1, James B. McBride to Nellie Hay.
HALSTED—PALMER—Oct. 7, Dr. T. H. Halsted to Charlotte Cooke Palmer.
ANDERSON—MACDONELL—Dec. 8, Dr. Norman Anderson to Berta Macdonell.
MILLER—IRISH—Dec. 3, S. Perse Miller to Alice G. Irish.
TERRY—LOBB—Dec. 8, Frankland Terry to Jessie E. Lobb.
HUTCHINSON—SUTHERLAND—Dec. 2, Allan Hutchinson to Christina Sutherland.

Deaths.
BLACKIE—Dec. 3, Ettie J. Wynn Blackie, aged 26.
FORSYTH—Dec. 1, Catherine Forsyth, aged 72.
HASTINGS—Dec. 1, Dr. R. J. Hastings.
JORY—Dec. 1, infant son of Dr. Jory.
THOMPSON—Dec. 3, Ella Thompson, aged 63.
LEAMEN—Dec. 6, Mary Crossman Leamen, aged 76.
SYKES—London, Eng., Nov. 21, Henry Richard Sykes.
SUTHERLAND—Nov. 30, D. A. Sutherland.
HESSE—Dec. 3, Thomas P. Hesse, aged 39.
GRAHAM—Dec. 9, Alice C. Graham, aged 23.
GOOD—Dec. 3, Caroline Good, aged 22.
WEIR—Dec. 3, Martha Pearson Weir, aged 26.
BRAY—Dec. 2, Mary A. Bray, aged 76.

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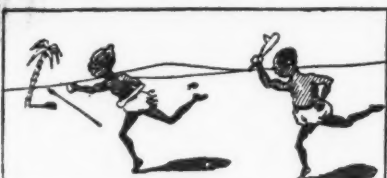
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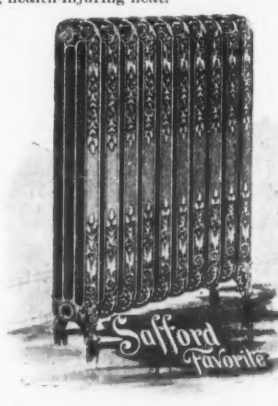
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